



SPRING.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

The spirit of Spring is in the woods!—and there,
Like love—the untiring—ministering to death,
She sitteth, with the rainbow in her hair,
Feeding the violets with her patient breath!
She speaks—and lo! the primrose, with a sigh,
Wakes up to hear; the wall-flower climbs her knees;
She weaves the sunshine through the cool, grey sky,
And hangs her raiment on the naked trees.
The wind, her high-voiced herald, hath gone forth
To shout her coming on the floor of heaven;
And far, unto their storm-lands of the North,
The snow-fiend's wild barbarian brood are driven;—
And rivers, that were hoarse with winter's cold,
Now dance unto their own sweet ditties old!

The lake, that had the ice-chain at its heart,
Now meets the stream in freedom and in song:
The lily makes the sweet, clear waters part,
Like some fair Naiad, seen their wave among;—
And mortal eyes that gaze that mirror through,
To seek, far down, her palace-home of spars,
Find that its carpet is the upper "blue."
And in her sandals that she wears the stars!
Spring—like an angel clad in raiment white—
Hath rolled away the stone from Nature's tomb;
The frosty seals have melted in her light,
And all the flowers are risen in their bloom!—
Then looked that angel on my spirit's gloom,
And sounded in my heart—"Arise!" she said:—
Ah, me! there came no answer from its dead!

THE WORKS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

What a body of classical memories, of imagination, of thought, and of poetry, do these volumes contain! Piece after piece we read, and it seems to us as if they heaped up an accumulation of fame for their author, whom, much as we have admired in separate publications, we have never estimated sufficiently before. The vast fund of mind, if we may use the expression, flows on and expands like a splendid river in its course; and all around is fertility and variegated produce; assuming every change of form and colour—the grand, the curiously minute—the thrilling, the shadowy,—the mysterious, the sensible.

In the first volume are the well-known and much-criticised first and second series of the Imaginary Conversations; but the last contains many novelties under the titles of Conversations, Hellenics, Poems, and Dramatic Scenes. To say that these partake of the same powers and spirit which have raised the reputation of the writer so high from what he had already accomplished, is enough for us; for to repeat panegyrics is but an idle and tedious process, and we would always rather wish that an author should win the palm by his own performance, than exhaust our vocabulary in penning praises. We will therefore let Mr. Landor speak for himself; and only regret that our quotations must of necessity be so limited, and unequal to more than a very faint indication of his merits. The following will shew that our author does not hero-worship Cromwell, as Mr. Carlyle does. The dialogue is between Oliver and Sir Oliver Cromwell.

"Sir Oliver. How many saints and Sions dost carry under thy cloak, lad! Ay, what dost groan at! What art thou to be delivered of? Troth, it must be a vast and oddly-shapen piece of roguery which findeth no issue at such capacious quarters. I never thought to see thy face again. Prythee what, in God's name, hath brought thee to Ramsey, fair Master Oliver!

Oliver. In His name verily I come, and upon His errand; and the love and duty I bear unto my godfather and uncle have added wings, in a sort, unto my zeal.

Sir O. Take 'em off thy zeal and dust thy conscience with 'em. I have heard an account of a saint, one Phil Neri, who in the midst of his devotions was lifted up several yards from the ground. Now I do suspect, Nol, thou wilt finish by being a saint of his order; and nobody will promise or wish thee the luck to come down on thy feet again, as he did. So! because a rabble of fanatics at Huntingdon have equipped thee as their representative in Parliament, thou art free of all men's houses, forsooth! I would have thee to understand, sirrah, that thou art fitter for the house they have chaired thee unto than for mine. Yet do I not question but thou wilt be as troublesome and unruly there as here. Did I not turn thee out of Hinchinbrook when thou wert scarcely half the rogue thou art latterly grown up to? And yet wert thou immeasurably too big a one for it to hold.

O. It repenteth me, O mine uncle, that in my boyhood and youth the Lord had not touched me.

Sir O. Touch thee! thou wast too dirty a dog by half.

O. Yea, sorely doth it vex and harrow me that I was then of ill conditions, and that my name—even your godson's—stank in your nostrils.

Sir O. Ha! polecat! it was not thy name, although bad enough, that stank first; in my house, at least. But perhaps there are worse maggots in stancher mummeries.

O. Whereas in the bowels of your charity you then vouchsafed me forgiveness, so the more confidently may I crave it now in this my urgency.

Sir O. More confidently! What! hast got more confidence! Where didst find it? I never thought the wide circle of the world had within it another job for thee. Well, Nol, I see no reason why thou shouldst stand before me with

thy hat off, in the courtyard and in the sun, counting the stones in the pavement. Thou hast some knavery in thy head, I warrant thee. Come, put on thy beaver.

O. Uncle Sir Oliver! I know my duty too well to stand covered in the presence of so worshipful a kinsman, who, moreover, hath answered at baptism for my good behaviour.

Sir O. God forgive me for playing the fool before Him so presumptuously and unprofitably! Nobody shall ever take me in again to do such an absurd and wicked thing. But thou hast some left-handed business in the neighbourhood, no doubt, or thou wouldst never more have come under my archway.

O. These are hard times for them that seek peace. We are clay in the hand of the potter.

Sir O. I wish your potters sought nothing costlier, and dug in their own grounds for it. Most of us, as thou sayest, have been upon the wheel of these artificers; and little was left but rags when we got off. Sanctified folks are the cleverest skimmers in all Christendom, and their Jordan tans and constringes us to the averdupois of mummies.

O. The Lord hath chosen his own vessels.

Sir O. I wish heartily He would pack them off, and send them anywhere on ass-back or cart (cart preferably), to rid the country of 'em. But now again to the point; for if we fall among the potsherders we shall hobble on but lamely. Since thou art raised unto a high command in the army, and hast a dragoon to hold yonder thy solid and stately piece of horse-flesh, I cannot but take it into my fancy that thou hast some commission of array or disarray to execute hereabout.

O. With a sad sinking of spirit, to the pitch wellnigh of swooning, and with a sight of bitter tears, which will not be put back nor stayed in anywise, as you bear testimony unto me, uncle Oliver!

Sir O. No tears, Master Nol, I beseech thee! Wet days, among those of thy kidney, portend the letting of blood. What dost whimper at!

O. That I, that I, of all men living, should be put upon this work!

Sir O. What work, prythee?

O. I am sent hither by them who (the Lord in his loving kindness having pity and mercy upon these poor realms) do, under his right hand, administer unto our necessities, and righteously command us, by the aforesaid as aforesaid, (thus runs the commission), hither am I deputed (woe is me!) to levy certain fines in this county, or shire, on such as the Parliament in its wisdom doth style malignants.

Sir O. If there is anything left about the house, never be over-nice; dismiss thy modesty and lay hands upon it. In this county or shire, we let go the civet-bag to save the weazon.

O. O mine uncle and godfather! be witness for me.

Sir O. Witness for thee! not I indeed. But I would rather be witness than surety, lad, where thou art docketed.

O. From the most despised doth the Lord ever choose his servants.

Sir O. Then, faith! thou art his first butler.

O. Serving him with humility, I may peradventure be found worthy of advancement.*

The rest is of the same racy order; but we have not room for it: and here is part of another piquant and very different specimen:

"Talleyrand and Archbishop of Paris.—A. M. de Talleyrand, it is painful to me to see you in this deplorable state of health, although it places me in the company of the most distinguished and celebrated man in France, and offers me the opportunity of rendering him a service and a duty.

T. Infinite thanks, Monseigneur, for so friendly a visit, quite without ceremony, quite without even an invitation or request. It overpowers me. I cannot express my sense of your goodness.

A. Alas! what are the dignities and honours of the world!

T. Ask the spy-dukes Savary and Fouché. Because they were dukes I would not be one. But is not the Prince of Piombino a prince? Is not the King of Naples a king? Is not Francis of Austria an Emperor? Games are to be played with counters of the same form and valuation.

A. All these things are by God's appointment.

T. No doubt of it; none whatever.

A. We mortals are too dim-sighted to discern the fitness or utility of them.

T. I do think, I do humbly think, I can espy it. They render the poorest devils on earth almost contented, finding that they are at least beyond the finger of scorn for assuming false appearances.

A. M. le Prince! we are now most especially in the presence of the Almighty. Your highness has had leisure to contemplate the nothingness of the world, and to see that we all are but dust; one particle each.

T. I am unused to pay compliments (aside)—or indeed to pay anything else if I could help it—yet, monseigneur, I do declare to you, that, dry and old as the dust is, there is something to my mind very spiritual in one particle each. I never met with it before. The rest is found in most books of divinity, I believe; but I suspect the one particle each is extra-parochial.

A. I am much flattered, M. de Talleyrand, by your criticism. I know the extent of your information and its exactness. Believe me, I did not come hither quite unprepared for so ingenious and acute a penitent. I filed down my preparatory exhortation to this point. If you are pleased with it, I take infinite glory to myself, and have half accomplished my mission. We must all regret that, having embraced the Church, you left her (unwillingly, no doubt,) without your powerful support.

* Among his minor pieces, Mr. Landor, however, thus speaks of Cromwell: "To him alone are we indebted for the establishment of religious liberty. If a Vane and a Milton have acknowledged the obligation, how feeble were the voices of all men living, if the voices of all men living were raised against it. Of our English rulers, Oliver holds the next place to Alfred."

T. I saw her tottering over my head, which she had clawed and bitten rather sharply now and then, and I was afraid of her falling down on me and crushing me. After picking up a few of her spangles, I set fire to the gause about her, and scorched a little of the flannel; but it only made her the more alert; and she begins to walk the streets again with as brave an air as ever.

A. Fie! fie! M. de Talleyrand. This resembles levity.

T. I am so gratified at the sight of it, I cannot but be light-hearted for a moment. Ah, monseigneur! what should we all be without the Church?

A. Infidels, heretics, Mahometans, anabaptists.

T. Worse, worse: without respectability, without hotels. Now I think of it, I have this morning a few little money-matters to arrange. How are the stocks?

A. Indeed I am utterly ignorant of all such affairs. Reduced as my dignity is, I have barely sufficient to supply my tables with twelve covers, exclusive of dessert. But if your highness has transactions at the Bourse this morning, may it not be as well that I should execute first the object of my visit?

T. Certainly. O certainly.

A. You are going, by the appointment of our Heavenly Father, to exchange.

T. First let me hear what fluctuations there have been since yesterday, and whether La Fitte—

A. My dear prince! pardon! pardon! you seem wandering.

T. Quite the contrary. I never turn my eyes from their object. I caught a word about the exchange.

A. Alas! Alas!

T. The devil! Down then! ay?

A. I cannot but be amused at so curious a mistake. No, upon the honour of a peer of France and the faith of an archbishop of Paris, I never have heard by any accident that the funds had fallen.

T. My Lord Archbishop! your words were enough to shake any man's nerves, lying in this horizontal position.

A. I firmly hope, M. de Talleyrand, I have some for you more comfortable. I was saying, and confidently, that, within a time which the wisest of mortals cannot fix definitely, you will throw aside these mundane honours for much higher.

T. I have no cupidity; it is all past: I would stay as I am; a quarter per cent. more might be welcome; it would make me easier: I do not want it, and shall not ever, but I hate to be foiled in my speculations. It would vex me if anybody could say, the Prince Talleyrand lost his wits before he left the world; and he, who threw the most sagacious diplomatists off their scent, omitted by his stupidity to acquire a thousand francs the day before his death.

The conversation between the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Inglis may be mentioned as a rather "spicy" specimen of the personal and ironical.

Of the poetry we can only offer a very brief selection from the shortest of the miscellaneous compositions:

"The Loves who many years held all my mind,
A charge so troublesome at last resign'd.
Among my books a feather here and there
Tells what the inmates of my study were.
Strong for no wrestle, ready for no race,
They only serve to mark the left-off place.
'Twas theirs to dip in the tempestuous waves,
'Twas theirs to loiter in cool summer caves;
But in the desert, where no herb is green,
Not one, the latest of the flight, is seen.

So late removed from him she swore,
With clasping arms, and vows, and tears,
In life and death she would adore,
While memory, fondness, bliss, endears.
Can she forswear! can she forget?
Strike, mighty Love! strike, Vengeance! soft!
Conscience must come and bring regret—
These let her feel—nor these too oft!

Mild is the parting year, and sweet
The odour of the falling spray;
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmless is its closing day.
I wait its close, I court its gloom,
But mourn that never must there fall
Or on my breast or on my tomb
The tear that would have sooth'd it all.

Dull is my verse; not even thou,
Who movest many cares away,
From this lone breast and weary brow,
Canst make, as once, its fountain play;
No, nor those gentle words that now
Support my heart to hear thee say;
'The bird upon its lonely bough
Sings sweetest at the close of day.'

Thank Heaven, Ianthe, once again
Our hands and ardent lips shall meet,
And Pleasure, to assert his reign,
Scatter ten thousand kisses sweet;
Then cease repeating while you mourn,
'I wonder when he will return.'
Ah, wherefore should you so admire
The flowing words that fill my song,
Why call them artless, yet require
'Some promise from that tuneful tongue?'
I doubt if Heaven itself could part
A tuneful tongue and tender heart.

When we have panted past life's middle space,
And stand and breathe a moment from the race,
These graver thoughts the heaving breast annoy;
'Of all our fields how very few are green!
And ah! what brakes, moors, quagmires, lie between
Tired age and childhood ramping wild with joy.'

Youth is the virgin-nurse of tender Hope,
And lifts her up and shews a far-off scene;

When Care with heavy tread would interlope,
They call the boys to shout her from the green.

Ere long another comes, before whose eyes
Nurseling and nurse alike stand mute and quail,
Wisdom: to her Hope not one word replies,
And Youth lets drop the dear romantic tale.

In his own image the Creator made,
His own pure sunbeam quickened thee, O man!
Thou breathing dial! since thy day began
The present hour was ever marked with shade!"

For a bit of the humorous, which, be it said *en passant*, are not the best of the book:

"O'erfoaming with rage,
The foul-mouth'd Judge Page
Thus questioned a thief in the dock;
'Didst never hear read
In the church, lump of lead!
Loose chip from the devil's own block!
'Thou shalt not steal?' 'Yea,
The white chap did say,
'Thou shalt not;' but thou was the word.
Had he piped out, 'Jem Hewitt!
Be sure you don't do it,'
I'd ha' thought of it twice ere I did it, my lord.'"

Slave-merchants, scalpers, cannibals, agree—
In Letter-land no brotherhood must be;
If there were living upon earth but twain,
One would be Abel, and the other Cain."

HOCHELAGA;

Or *England in the New World*. Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq. 2 vols Colburn.

We may as well say at once—for the enlightenment of those like ourselves whom the long word has puzzled—that Hochelaga is none other than "the ancient empire on the banks of the St. Lawrence." A pleasanter describer Canada could not well have found than the gentleman whose experiences are here warranted genuine by the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross.' It is right, however, to add that a moiety of his work is devoted to much more beaten ground than that by "Ottawa tide,"—viz., the Broadway in New York, the Lowell Factories, Niagara, and the other well-known "lions" of the United States.

The voyage—that perpetual "grace" before every traveller's uncovering of his *pièces de resistance*—is dashing described; and here we are at the capital of Newfoundland:—

"So excellent was the land-fall we had made, that, when the fog cleared away we found the bowsprit of the vessel pointing directly into the harbour of St. John's. The entrance is about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and very difficult of access in bad weather with unfavourable winds: it is walled in by rugged cliffs and barren looking hills. The defences are respectable, but not formidable, works—one of them facing you as you approach, with watchful cannon pointing up the harbour. There is no bar or shoal, but some dangerous rocks embarrass the entrance; within, there is safe and commodious anchorage for any amount of shipping. In trying to describe St. John's, there is some difficulty in applying an adjective to it sufficiently distinctive and appropriate. We find other cities coupled with words, which at once give their predominant characteristic:—London the richest, Paris the gayest, St. Petersburg the coldest. In one respect the chief town of Newfoundland has, I believe, no rival: we may therefore, call it the fishiest of modern capitals. Round a great part of the harbour are sheds, acres in extent, roofed with cod split in half, laid on like slates, drying in the sun, or rather the air, for there is not much of the former to depend upon. Those ships bearing nearly every flag in the world, are laden with cod; those stout weatherly boats crowding up to the wharves, have just now returned from fishing for cod; those few scant fields of cultivation with lean crops coaxed out of the barren soil, are manured with cod; those trim, snug-looking wooden houses, their handsome furniture, the piano, and the musical skill of the young lady who plays it, the satin gown of the mother, the gold chain of the father, are all paid for in cod; the breezes from the shore, soft and warm on this bright August day, are rich, not with the odours of a thousand flowers, but of a thousand cod. Earth, sea, and air, are alike pervaded with this wonderful fish. There is only one place which appears to be kept sacred from its intrusion, and strange to say, that is the dinner table; an observation made on its absence from that apparently appropriate position, excited as much astonishment, as if I had made a remark to a Northumberland squire that he had not a head dish of Newcastle coals. The town is irregular and dirty, built chiefly of wood; the dampness of the climate rendering stone unsuitable. The heavy rains plough the streets into watercourses. Thousands of lean dogs stalk about, quarrelling with each other for the offal of the fish, which lies plentifully scattered in all directions. This is their recreation: their business is to draw go-carts. There are also great numbers of cats, which, on account of the hostile relations existing between them and their canine neighbours, generally reside on the tops of the houses. A large fish oil factory in the centre of the town, fills it with most obnoxious odours."

The author of 'Hochelaga' did his duty by the pride of St. John's, in going to see cod-fishing at Portugal Cove. What he subsequently tells us of moose-hunting, we suspect, might be applied to this sport also—that the pleasantest thing about it is *having seen it*. His account of the entrance of St. Lawrence is striking:—

"It was quite a relief when, with fair wind and crowding sails, we entered the waters of the St. Lawrence. From the point of Gaspe to the Labrador coast is one hundred and twenty miles; and, through this ample channel half the fresh water of the world has its outlet to the sea, spreading back its blue winding path for more than two thousand miles, through still reach, foaming rapid, ocean, lake, and mighty cataract, to the trackless desert of the west. We are near the left bank: there is no trace of man's hand—such as God made it, there it is. From the pebbly shore to the craggy mountain top—east and west, countless miles—away to the frozen north, where everlasting winter chains the sap of life—one dark forest, lone and silent from all time. For two days more there was nothing to attract the attention but the shoals of white porpoise: we were welcomed by several; they rolled and frolicked round the ship, rushing along very fast, stopping to look at us, passing and repassing for half-an-hour

at a time, then going off to pay their compliments to some other strangers. The pilot came quietly on board during the night, and seemed as much at home the next day as if he had been one of the crew. By degrees the Great River narrowed to twenty miles, and we could see the shore on both sides, with the row of white specks of houses all along the water's edge, which at length seemed to close into a continuous street. Every here and there was a church, with clusters of dwellings round it, and little silver streams, wandering through narrow strips of clearing, behind them. We got very near the shore once; there was but little wind; we fancied it bore us the smell of new-mown hay, and the widow thought she heard church bells; but the ripple of the water, gentle as it was, treated the tender voice too roughly, and it could not reach us. Several ships were in sight; some travelling our road, wayworn and weary; others standing boldly out to meet the waves and storms we had just passed through. Rows of little many-coloured flags ran up to their mizen peaks, fluttered out what they had to say, and came down again when they got their answer. The nights were very cold; but, had they been far more so, we must have lingered on deck to see the Northern Lights. They had it all to themselves, not a cloud to stop their running wild over the sky. Starting from behind the mountains, they raced up through the blue fields of heaven, and vanished: again they reappeared, where we least expected them; spreading over all space one moment, shrinking into a shivering streak the next, quicker than the tardy eye could trace. There is a dark shade for many miles, below where the Laquerrie pours its gloomy flood into the pure waters of the St. Lawrence. * * * Off the entrance to the gloomy Laquerrie, lies Red Island. The shore is rocky and perilous: as we passed, the morning sun shone brightly upon it and the still waters; but when the November mists hang round, and the north-east winds sweep up the river, many a brave ship ends her voyage there. To the south-east is seen a gentle sister—the Green Isle. It would be wearisome to tell of all the woody solitudes that deck the bosom of the St. Lawrence, or of the white, cheerful settlements along its banks, some of them growing up to towns as we advance, their background swelling into mountains. It is a scene of wonderful beauty, often heightened by one of the strangest, loveliest freaks of lavish nature. The mirage lifts up little rocky, tufted islands into the air, and ships, with their taper masts turned downwards, glide past them; the tops of high and distant hills sink down to the water's edge, and long streets of trim, demure-looking houses, rest their foundations in the sky. We are now at Grosse Isle; the pilot points out the quarantine station, the church, the hospital, and, in the distance, the fair and fertile island of Orleans. Bold Cape Tourment is at length past; it has wearied our sight for two days, like a long, strait road. It grows very dark, and the evening air is keen; we must go below. About midnight I awoke. There was the splash and heavy rattling sound of the falling anchor; the ship swung slowly round with the tide, and was still; we had reached Quebec. I looked out of the window of my cabin; we lay in deep shade under a high headland, which shut out half the sky. There were still a few scattered lights, far and wide over the steep shore, and among the numerous shipping around us."

Quebec, like all cities built on hilly ground, must be a picturesque-looking place. Its inhabitants, too, according to the testimony of every traveller, are gay and hospitable; and our author, though it suits his humour to affect the waning Bachelor, "was not so far gone" as to be left out of blithe balls and gipsy parties to the Chaudiere Falls, or the pleasures of the merry Christmas time. We can fancy, at this particular moment of writing, a *the darsant* on Wenham Lake to be a bliss unspeakable! But even without the piquancy derived from contrast, a winter party to the Falls of Montmorenci excites in us a wish to have been "there to see":—

"We assembled at the house of one of the ladies, at twelve o'clock. There was a very gay muster of carioles; some tandems, with showy robes and ornamental harness; handsome family conveyances; snug little sleighs, very low and narrow, for two people; and a neat turn-out with a pair of light-actioned horses abreast, with a smart little tiger standing on a step behind. * * * It was one of those days peculiar to these climates, bright as midsummer, but very cold; the air pure and exhilarating, like laughing-gas; everything seemed full of glee; the horses bounded with pleasure, as they bore their light burthens over the clean, hard snow. * * * We went by the river road, as it is called, over the ice; the northern side of the St. Lawrence, and the channel between the island of Orleans and the left bank, is always frozen over in winter. By this bridge, the traffic from the fertile island and the Montmorenci district finds its way to Quebec. The ice is of great thickness and strength; shells, from mortars of the largest size, have been thrown on it from a thousand yards distance, and produced scarcely any impression. Sometimes the snow which has fallen on the ice, thaws, leaving large pools of water; this surface freezes again, and becomes the road for travelling. Such had been the case the day we were there; but a thaw had afterwards weakened the upper surface: our respectable old horse broke through, and splashed into the water. Not understanding the state of the case, I made up my mind that we were going through to the river, and jumped out of the sleigh into the water; when the old horse and I, to our agreeable surprise, found the under ice interfering between us and the St. Lawrence. About an hour's drive took us to the Falls of Montmorenci: they are in the centre of a large semi-circular bay, hemmed in by lofty cliffs; the waters descend over a perpendicular rock two hundred and fifty feet high, in an unbroken stream, into a shallow basin below. At this time of the year the bay is frozen over, and covered with deep snow; the cliffs on all parts, but especially near the cataract, were hung over and adorned with magnificent giant icicles sparkling in the sunshine, reflecting all the prismatic colours. The waters foam and dash over as in summer; but on every rock where there was a resting-place, half concealed by the spray, were huge lumps of ice in fantastic shapes, or soft fleecy folds of untainted snow. Near the foot of the fall a small rock stands in the river; the spray collects and freezes on this in winter, accumulating daily till it frequently reaches the height of eighty or a hundred feet, in a cone of solid ice; on one side is the foaming basin of the fall, on the other the hard frozen bay stretches out to the great river. One of the great amusements for visitors is, to climb to the top of this cone, and slide down again on a tarboggan. They descend at an astonishing pace, keeping their course by steering with light touches of their hands; the unskilful get ridiculous tumbles in attempting this feat: numbers of little Canadian boys are always in attendance, and generally accompany the stranger in his descent. A short distance to the right is another heap of ice, on a smaller scale, called the ladies' cone. The fair sliders seat themselves on the front of the tarboggan, with their feet resting against the turned-up part of it; the gentlemen who guide them sit behind, and away they go, like lightning, not unfrequently upsetting, and rolling down to the bottom. The little boys in attendance carrying the tarboggan up again, the ladies and their cavaliers ascend, and continue the amusement sometimes for hours together. The party were in high glee, determined to enjoy themselves; they tarboggined, slid, and trudged about merrily in the deep dry snow. The servants spread out the buffalo robes,

on the snow, and arranged the plates of sandwiches, glasses and bottles, on one of the carioles, for a side-board. When the young people had had enough of their amusements, they re-assembled, seated themselves on the buffalo robes, and the champagne and sandwiches went round. Though the thermometer was below zero, we did not feel the slightest unpleasant effect of cold; there was no wind, and we were very warmly clad; I have often felt more chilly in an English drawing-room."

A tarboggan, we beg to add, is subsequently described as a "light sleigh, made of planks scarcely thicker than the bark of a tree, bent up in front like a prow."—Then, there are snow-shoeing parties; in which even "the gentle ones," as Mr. Fenimore Cooper's Indians style the ladies, walk their eight or ten miles without fatigue:—

"Some years ago, three English ladies, with their husbands, officers of the garrison, walked off into the 'bush' on snow-shoes, made a cabin in the snow, encamped, passed two nights in complete Indian style, and were highly delighted with their excursion. * * * When the ice takes on the St. Lawrence, opposite to Quebec, forming a bridge across, there is always a grand jubilee; thousands of people are seen sleighing, sliding, and skating about in all directions."

The wild pleasure of moose-hunting completely distances Leicestershire sport,—nay, even Mr. Scrope's favourite Highland pastime, and Mr. Lloyd's battles with the Bear in Norway. A ride of sixty miles to cover, is pretty well: and for gamekeepers and beaters of the bush there are Indians—more like, it must be confessed, to the pseudo-Redskins of the Transatlantic Scott's 'Ravensnest' than "the real chiefs and braves" of the wilderness. The journey to St. Anne's was a rough one: and Jacques, the chief huntsman, proved as fond of putting the bottle to his lips as Mrs. Gamp. The first night on the road was spent at Mr. Bovin's horrible inn,—the filth of which, we fancy, is a little worked up for effect. On the second night's bivouac, we shall let our author himself speak:—

"In making a cabin for the night, the Indians took off their snow shoes and used them to shovel out a chamber in the snow, about twenty feet in length by twelve in width; throwing the contents up so as to build a wall round it. They next cut some young fir tress, and arranged them leaning against each other as rafters, to form a roof; cross branches were laid over these, and a ceiling of birch bark, which is here like broad pieces of leather, completed this part. An opening on one side was left for a door, and the centre of the roof, uncovered, was the chimney; two large fresh logs were laid across the middle of the cabin, on which was lighted a pile of dry wood. The arrangement of the inside was a line of pillows, formed of snow, at both ends of the hut; our feet were to be close to the fire, half the party lying on each side of it. Sapins made a soft couch on the cold floor, and buffalo robes were our bed clothes. When these luxurious arrangements were finished, we went to the river, carrying an axe, fishing lines and bait; cleared a part of the ice with our snow shoes, and with the axe cut a hole in it, about a foot square down to the water. The admission of the fresh air evidently gave the unfortunate trout an appetite, for as fast as the line was put down, one of them pounced on the bait and found his way to our basket, where he was immediately frozen to death; when he reappeared, to be cooked, he was as hard as if he had been salted and packed for six months. We soon got tired of this diversion, and returned to our lodging. The Indians had cut firewood for the night, and were busy piling it at the door; a large kettle, hung from the rafters by a rope made of green branches, and filled with a savoury mess of pork, pease, and biscuit, was boiling over the fire; a smaller one sang merrily by its side, with a fragrant brew of tea. The cabin was warm, and, with the robes spread out, looked very comfortable: loops of birch-bark in the clefts of two sticks stuck in the snow served as candle sticks: our valuables, including the brandy bottle, were placed in a leathern bag at the head of our sofa, and carefully locked up. We ate a few of the trout, and tasted the Indians' mess, but our main dependence was one of the cases of preserved meats, of which we had laid in a stock for the expedition. We had boiled it carefully in water according to the directions, and one of the Indians opened it with an axe; we were ravenously hungry, each armed with a plate for the attack, but, to our great disappointment, such odours issued from it that even the Indians threw it away in disgust. We richly deserved this, for attempting such luxury in the 'bush.' The Indians all knelt in prayer for some time, before going to sleep; each producing his rosary, and repeating his devotions in a low, monotonous voice. The unfortunate dogs had not been allowed to eat anything—to make them more savage against the moose; or to come near the fire, perhaps to make them hotter in the chase: they all kept prowling about outside in the snow, occasionally putting their heads into the cabin for a moment, with a longing look. When, during the Indians' devotions, they found so long a silence, they began stealthily to creep in one by one, and seat themselves round the fire. One, unluckily touched the heel of the apparently most devout among the Indians, who turned round, highly enraged, to eject the intruder; he had a short pipe in his teeth, while he showered a volley of French oaths at the dog, and kicked him out; when this was accomplished, he took a long pull at his pipe, and resumed his devotions. About midnight I awoke, fancying that some strong hand was grasping my shoulders:—it was the cold. The fire blazed away brightly, so close to our feet that it singed our robe and blankets; but, at our heads, diluted spirits froze into a solid mass. We were very warmly clothed, and packed up for the night, but I never knew what cold was till then. * * * Soon after daybreak we were on our way again. This day's journey was through a rugged and mountainous country; in many places the way was so steep that we had to drag ourselves up the sharp hills, by the branches and underwood. When we came to a descent, we sat down on the snow, holding them together behind, and skating along with great velocity, often meeting some obstruction in the way and rolling over and over to the bottom; there we lay buried in the snow, till, with ludicrous difficulty, we struggled out again. * * * After about eighteen miles journey, we struck on another frozen river; the guide turned down its bed about a hundred yards to the west, then threw his burthen aside, and told us we were at the place of stopping that night, and within two miles of the 'Ravage,' or moose yard of which we were in search. These animals sometimes remain in the same 'ravage' for weeks together, till they have completely bared the trees of bark and young branches, and then they only move away far enough to obtain a fresh supply: from this lazy life they become very fat at this time of the year. Our cabin was formed, and our evening passed much as the preceding one, but that the cold was not so severe. Having worn off the novelty of the situation, we composed ourselves quietly to read for some time, and after that slept very soundly. The morning was close and louring, and the snow began to fall thickly when we started for the 'ravage,' with four of the Indians, and all the dogs; the fresh-falling snow on our snow shoes made the walking very heavy; it was also shaken down upon us from the branches above, when we happened to touch them, and, soon melting, wetted us. The temperature being unusually high that day, in a short time the locks of our

guns were the only things dry about us. The excitement, however kept us warm, for we saw occasionally the deep track of the moose in the snow, and the marks of their teeth on the bark and branches of the trees. These symptoms became more apparent as we approached the bottom of a high, steep hill; the dogs were sent on ahead, and, in a few minutes, all gave tongue furiously in every variety of currish yelp. By this time the snow had ceased falling, and we were able to see some distance in front. We pressed on rapidly over the brow of the hill, in the direction of the dogs, and came upon the fresh track of several moose. In my eagerness to get forward, I stumbled repeatedly, tripped by the abominable snow shoes, and had great difficulty in keeping up with the Indians, who, though also violently excited, went on quite at their ease. The dogs were at a stand still; and, as we emerged from a thick part of the wood, we saw them surrounding three large moose, barking viciously, but not daring to approach within reach of their hoofs or antlers. When the deer saw us, they bolted away, plunging heavily through the deep snow, slowly and with great difficulty; at every step sinking to the shoulder, the curs still at their heels as near as they could venture. They all broke in different directions; the captain pursued one, I another, and one of the Indians the third: at first they beat us in speed; for a few hundred yards mine kept stoutly on; but his track became wider and more irregular, and large drops of blood on the pure fresh snow showed that the poor animal was wounded by the hard icy crust of the old fall. We were pressing down hill through very thick 'bush,' and could not see him, but his panting and crashing through the underwood were plainly heard. In several places the snow was deeply ploughed up, where he had fallen from exhaustion, but again struggled gallantly out, and made another effort for life. He was a noble brute, standing at least seven feet high; his large dark eye was fixed, I fancied almost imploringly upon me, as I approached. He made no further effort to escape or resist: I fired, and the ball struck him in the chest. The wound roused him; infuriated by the pain, he raised his huge bulk out of the snow, and plunged towards me. Had I tried to run away, the snow shoes would have tripped me up to a certainty, so I thought it would be wiser to stand still; his strength was plainly failing, and I knew he could not reach me. I fired the second barrel: he stopped, and staggered, stretched out his neck, the blood gushed in a stream from his mouth, his tongue protruded, then slowly, as if lying down to rest, he fell over in the snow. The dogs would not yet touch him; nor would even the Indians: they said that this was the most dangerous time—he might struggle yet; so we watched cautiously till the large dark eye grew dim and glazed, and the sinewy limbs were stiffened out in death; then we approached, and stood over our fallen foe."

With this extract,—of whose length we are sure no reader will complain,—we must close the first notice of 'Hochelaga.'

THE MINE, THE FOREST, AND THE CORDILLERA.

[Concluded.]

Between the Cordilleras and the Andes, 12,000 feet above the sea, lie the vast tracts of desolate table-land known as the Puna, a Peruvian word equivalent to the Spanish *despoblado*. These plains extend through the whole length of Peru from N.W. to S.E., a distance of 350 Spanish miles, continue through Bolivia, and run out eastward into the territory of the Argentine republic. Their sole inhabitants are a few shepherds, who live with their families in wretched huts, and tend large flocks of sheep, oxen, alpacas, and llamas, to which the yellow and meagre grasses of the Puna yield a scanty nourishment. The district is swept by the cold winds from the Cordilleras, the climate is most inhospitable, unintermitting snow and storm during four months of the year. A remarkable effect of the Puna wind is the rapid drying of dead bodies. A few days suffice to convert a dead mule into a perfect mummy, the very entrails free from corruption. Here and there the dry and piercing cold wind, which causes extreme suffering to the traveller's eyes and skin changes its temperature, or, it were better said, is crossed by a current of warm air, sometimes only two or three paces, at others several hundred feet in breadth. These warm streams run in a parallel direction to each other, and Dr. Tschudi deposes to having passed through five or six in the space of two leagues. He noticed them particularly in the months of August and September, and, according to his observations, their usual direction was that of the Cordillera, namely, from S.S.W. to N.N.E. He once travelled for several leagues in one of these currents, the width of which did not exceed seven-and-twenty paces. Its temperature was eleven degrees of Reaumur, higher than the adjacent atmosphere. The existence of these warm streams is in some cases permanent, for the muleteers will frequently tell beforehand where they are to be met with. The causes of such singular phenomena, says Dr. Tschudi, are well deserving the closest investigation of the meteorologist.

The numerous deep valleys, of greater or less extent, which intersect the Puna, are known as the Sierra, and their inhabitants as Serranos, although that term is also applied by the dwellers on the coast of Peru to all natives of the interior. Here the climate is temperate, not unlike that of the central countries of Europe; towns and villages are numerous, and the fruitful soil brings forth abundantly, watered by the sweat of laborious Indians. The people are hospitable in the extreme, and the stranger is welcome in their dwellings so long as he chooses to abide there. They appear, however, to be as yet very far removed from civilisation. Their favourite diversions, cock and bull fighting, are carried on in the most barbarous manner. Their chief vice is an extreme addiction to brandy, and even the better classes get up evening parties for the express purpose of indulging in the fiery liquor. The ladies as well as the men consume it in large quantities, and Dr. Tschudi estimates the average consumption at one of these jaranas, or drinking bouts to amount to nearly a bottle per man or woman. At a ball given in 1839, in one of the principal towns of the Sierra, to the Chilean general Bulnes—now president of Chili—the brandy flowed so abundantly, that when morning came many of the dancers, both male and female, lay dead drunk upon the floor. The sole extenuation of such disgusting excesses is the want of education of those who commit them, and the force of habit, which prevents them from seeing anything disgraceful in intoxication. It is only in society that the Serrano gets drunk. In everyday life, when jaranas are not going on, he is a sober man.

The dramatic representations of scenes in the life of Christ, introduced by the Spanish monks who accompanied Pizarro, with a view to the easier conversion of the Aborigines, have long been discontinued in the larger Peruvian cities. But in the Sierra they are still kept up, and all the efforts of enlightened priests to suppress them, have been frustrated by the tenacity and threats of the Indians. Dr. Tschudi gives an extraordinary description of the celebration of Good Friday. "From early dawn," he says, "the church is crammed with Indians, who pass the morning in fasting and prayer. At two in the afternoon: a large image of the Saviour is brought out of the sacristy and laid down near the altar, which is veiled. No sooner does this occur than the whole congrega-

tion rush forward and strive to touch the wounds with scraps of cotton, and then ensues a screaming, crowding, and fighting, only to be equalled by the uproar at an ill conducted fair, until the priests at last succeed in restoring order. The figure of the Saviour is now attached to the cross with three very large silver nails, and a rich silver crown is placed upon its head; on either side are the crosses of the two thieves. The Indians gaze their fill and leave the church, but return thither at eight in the evening. The edifice is then brilliantly illuminated, and at the foot of the cross stand, wrapped in white robes, four priests, the *santos varones*, or holy men, whose office it is to take down the body of the Saviour. A short distance off, upon a stage or scaffolding, stands the Virgin Mary, in deep mourning, and with a white cloth round her head. In a long discourse a priest explains the scene to the congregation, and at the close of his sermon, turning to the *santos varones*, he says—'Ye holy men, mount the ladders of the cross, and bring down the body of the dead Saviour!' Two of the priests ascend with hammers, and the preacher continues—'Thou, holy man on the right side of the Saviour, strike the first blow upon the nail in the hand, and take it out!' The hammer falls, and the sound of the blow is the signal for the cry of *Misericordia! Misericordia!* repeated by thousands of voices in tones of anguish so heart-rending as to produce a strangely painful impression upon the hearer. The nail is handed to a priest at the foot of the cross, to be taken to the Virgin Mary, still standing upon her scaffold. To her the preacher now addressed himself with the words—'Thou, afflicted mother, approach and receive the nail that pierced the right hand of thy blessed son!' And as the priest draws near to the image of the Virgin, the latter, moved by a secret mechanism, advances to meet him, receives the nail in both hands, places it in a silver bowl, dries its eyes, and returns to its place. These movements are repeated when the two other nails and the crown are brought down. The whole scene has for accompaniment the unintermitting howling and sobbing of the Indians, which redouble at each stroke of the hammer, and reaches its apogee when the body is delivered to the Virgin, who then again begins to weep violently. The image of Christ is laid in a coffin adorned with flowers, and is carried by torchlight through every street of the town. Whilst the procession makes its circuit, the Indians erect twelve arches of flowers in front of the church door, placing between each two of them a carpet of the like materials, the simplest and most beautiful that it is possible to see. Each carpet is manufactured by two Indians, neither of whom seems to trouble himself about the proceedings of his comrade; but yet, with incredible rapidity and a wonderful harmony of operation, the most tasteful designs grow under their hands in rich variety of colours. Arabesques, landscapes, and animals appear as if by magic. It was highly interesting to me to observe in Tarma, upon one of these carpets, an exact representation of the Austrian double eagle, as the Indians had seen it on the quicksilver jars from Idria. When the procession returns, the Virgin Mary is carried back into the church through the arches of flowers."

The traveller in the Sierras of Peru frequently encounters plantations of a shrub about six feet high, bearing bright green leaves, white flowers, and scarlet berries. This is the celebrated coca tree, the comforter and friend of the Peruvian Indian under all hardships and evil usage. Deprive the Turk of coffee and pipe, the Chinese of opium, the sailor and soldier of grog and tobacco, and no one of them will be so miserable as the Indian bereft of his coca. Without it he cannot exist; it is more essential to him than meat or drink, for it enables him to dispense with both. With his quid of dried coca leaves in his mouth, he forgets all calamities; his rags, his poverty, the cruelties of his taskmaster. One meal a-day suffices him, but thrice at least he must suspend his labour to chew his coca. Even the greedy Creoles have been compelled to give in to this imperious necessity, and to allow their labourers a quarter or half an hour's respite three times in the day. In mines and plantations, wherever Indians work, this is the universal practice. Although considered as a barbarous custom by the whites, some few of the latter are inveterately addicted to coca chewing, which they generally, however, practise clandestinely. The effect of this plant upon the human system is very similar to that of certain narcotics, administered in small doses. Taken in excessive quantities it is highly injurious; used in moderation, Dr. Tschudi inclines to think it not only harmless, but positively salutary. The longevity of the Indians, and their power of enduring great fatigue, and performing the hardest work upon a very scant allowance of food, are certainly in favour of this belief. The doctor met with men of 120 and 130 years old, and he assures us that such are by no means exceedingly rare in Peru. Some of these men had chewed coca leaves from their boyhood upwards.

Allowing their daily ration to be no more than one ounce, the consumption, in their lifetime would amount to the prodigious quantity of twenty-seven hundred pounds weight. Yet they were in perfect health. The coca is considered by the Indians to be an antidote to the *vela*, and Dr. Tschudi confirms this by his own experience. Previously to his hunting excursions in the upper regions of the Puna, he used to drink a strong decoction of coca leaves, and found it strengthening and a preservative from the effects of the rarefied atmosphere. So convinced is he of its salutary properties, that he recommends its adoption in European navies, or at least a trial of its effects during a Polar or some other distant expedition. One of the chief causes of Indian hatred to the Spaniards is to be traced in the attempted suppression by the latter of the use of coca, during the earlier period of their domination in Peru, their sole reason being their contempt for Indian customs, and wish to destroy the nationality of the people. Royal decrees were fulminated against coca chewing, and priests and governors united to abolish it. After a time, the owners of mines and plantations discovered its utility, in giving strength and courage to their Indian vassals; books were written in its defence, and anti-coca legislation speedily became obsolete. Since then, several learned and reverend writers, Jesuits and others, have suggested its introduction into Europe, as a substitute for tea and coffee, to which they hold it far superior. There can be little doubt that—like as tobacco is considered to preserve armies from mutiny and disaffection—the soothing properties of coca have saved Peru from many bloody outbreaks of the Indian population. But even this potent and much-loved drug has at times been insufficient to restrain the deadly hatred cherished by the Peruvians towards their white oppressors.

The *Leyes de las Indias*, or code for the government of the Spanish colonies, although in some instances severe and arbitrary, were mild and paternal compared with their administration by the viceroys and other officials. Amongst them were two enactments, the *Mita*, and the *Repatriamiento*, intended by their propounders to civilise and improve the Indians, but fearfully abused in practice.

* Stevenson, in his work on South America, refers to the extraordinary longevity of the Peruvian Indians. In the church register at Barranca, he found recorded the deaths of eleven persons in the course of seven years, whose joint ages made up 1207 years, giving an average of 110 years per man. Dr. Tschudi mentions an Indian in Jauja, still living in 1839, and who was born, if the register and the priest's word might be believed, in the year 1697. Since the age of eleven years he has made a moderate daily use of coca. However old, few Indians lose their teeth or hair.

By the Mita, the Peruvians were compelled to work in the mines and plantations. Every Spaniard who possessed one of these, received from the corregidor a certain number of Indians, to each of whom he paid daily wages, and for each of them an annual contribution of eight dollars to the State. This plan, if fairly and conscientiously carried out, might have been made a means of reclaiming the Indians from barbarity and idleness. But the truck system, unlimited and excessive time of labour, and other abuses, caused it to produce the precisely opposite effect to that proposed by the framers of the law. One-third only of the stipulated wage was given in money, the remainder in European manufactures, charged at exorbitant prices; and the Indians, unable to purchase the bare necessities of life, were compelled to incur debts with their employers—debts that they could never pay off, and which rendered them slaves for their whole lives. The field labourers were made to toil from three in the morning till an hour after sundown; even the Sunday was no day of rest for these unfortunate helots. Such increasing and painful exertions annually swept away thousands of Indians. Various writers estimate at nine millions the number of those killed by labour and accident in the mines, during the last three centuries. Dr. Tschudi does not think this an exaggeration, and calculates that three millions more have been sacrificed in the plantations, especially in the coca fields of the backwoods.

The *Repartimiento* was the distribution of European wares and luxuries by the provincial authorities. Under this law, intended for the convenience of the people, and to supply them with clothes and other necessities at fair prices, every corregidor became a sort of shopkeeper, caused all manner of merchandise to be sent to him from the capital, and compelled the Indian to buy. The prices affixed to the articles were absurdly exorbitant; a needle cost a real, a worthless knife or a pound of iron a dollar, an ell of printed calico two or three dollars. Lace, silk stockings, and false jewellery, were forced upon the richer class. After a short delay, the money was demanded; those who could not pay had their goods seized, and were sold as slaves to the mines or plantations. Not only useless objects—razors, for instance, for the beardless Indians—but things positively injurious and inconvenient, were thrust upon the unwilling purchasers. It will scarcely be believed that a corregidor, to whom a commercial friend had sent a consignment of spectacles, issued an edict, compelling all Indians, under penalty of a heavy fine, to wear glasses at certain public festivals.

Against the abominable system of which the above abuses formed but a part, it was to be expected that sooner or later the Indians would revolt. For two centuries they submitted to it with wonderful patience and long-suffering. At last, a man was found to hoist the bloody flag of insurrection and revenge.

Juan Santos, surnamed the Apostate, was an Indian from Huamanga, and claimed descent from Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, whom Pizarro hung. In the year 1741, having killed a Spaniard of noble birth in a quarrel, he fled to the woods, and there brooded over the oppression to which his countrymen were subjected. At that time, the zealous Spanish missionaries had made great progress in the conversion of the *Indios bravos*, a savage and cannibal tribe, amongst whom they fearlessly ventured, undeterred by the murder of many who had preceded them. Against these priests Santos instigated an outbreak. He first addressed himself to the tribe of the Campas, declared himself a descendant of the mighty Peruvian kings, and asserted that he possessed supernatural power, that he knew all their thoughts, and had the portrait of each of them in his heart. Then calling the Indians to him one by one, he lifted his upper garment, and allowed them to look in a mirror fastened upon his breast. The savages, astonished at the reflection of their faces, conceived a great veneration for Santos, and implicitly obeyed him. He at once led them to a general attack upon the priests, their property, and religion. By bold and sudden assaults, several Spanish fortified posts were taken, and the garrisons murdered. At the fort of Quimiri, the Indians put the muskets of the slain soldiers in a heap, set fire to them, and danced round the blazing pile. But the surprise of the place had been so well managed, that the Spaniards had had no time to fire even one volley, and their muskets were still loaded. Heated by the flames, they exploded, and spread destruction amongst the dancing savages. Churches and mission-houses were destroyed, villages burnt, plantations laid waste; the priests were tied to the images of saints, and thrown into the rivers. In a few weeks, the missionary districts of middle Peru were utterly ravaged, and terror reigned in the land. The Spaniards feared a revolt of the Sierra Indians; strong measures were taken, forts built along the frontier, and the *bravos* driven back to their own territory. What became of Santos is not exactly known. Some affirm that he united several savage tribes in a confederacy, and ruled over them till his death. In the monastery of Ocopa, Dr. Tschudi found an old manuscript, in which was the following note:—"The monster and apostate Juan Santos Atahualpa, after his diabolical destruction of our missions, suffered terribly from the wrath of God. He met the fate of Herod, and was eaten alive by worms."

Although of short duration, the insurrection headed by Santos was weighty in its consequences. It showed the Indians their strength, and was followed by repeated revolts, especially in Southern Peru. For want of an able leader they all proved fruitless, until Tupac Amaru, cacique of Tungasuca, put himself at the head of a matured and well-organized revolution. A valid pretext for this was afforded by the corregidor of Tinta, Don Antonio Ariaga, who in one year, 1780, made repartimientos to the amount of three hundred and forty thousand dollars, and exacted the money for the useless wares with cruel severity. Tupac Amaru assembled the Indians, seized the corregidor, and hung him. This was the signal for a general uprising in the whole of Southern Peru, and a bloody war ensued. In April, 1781, Tupac Amaru, his wife, and several of the rebel chiefs, were made prisoners by a detachment of Spanish cavalry. They were tried at Cuzco, found guilty, and condemned to death. The unfortunate cacique was compelled to witness the execution of his wife, two sons, his brother-in-law, Antonio Bastidas, and of other relations and friends. He then had his tongue cut out, and was torn by four horses. His body was burned, his head and limbs were stuck upon poles in different towns of the disturbed districts. In Huancayo, Dr. Tschudi met with an old Creole, who, when a lad of sixteen, had witnessed the barbarous execution of the cacique of Tungasuca. He described him as a tall handsome man, with a quick piercing eye, and serious resolute countenance. He beheld the death of his family with great emotion, but submitted without a murmur to his own horrible fate. He was not long unavenged. His brother, his remaining son Andres, and a daring Indian chief named Nicacatari, carried on the war with increased vigour and ferocity, and at the head of a numerous force threw themselves before the large fortified town of Sorrata, whither the Spaniards from the surrounding country, trusting to the strength of the place, had fled for safety. When Andres Tupac Amaru saw that with his Indians, armed only with knives, clubs, and slings, he had no chance against the powerful artillery of his foe, he caused the streams from the neighbouring mountains to be conducted to the town, and surrounded it with water. The earthen fortifications were soon undermined, and when they gave

way the place was taken by assault. With the exception of eighty-seven priests and monks, the whole of the besieged, twenty two thousand in number, were cruelly slaughtered. From Sorrata the Indian army moved westwards, and was victorious in several actions with the Spanish troops. Gold, however, accomplished what the sword had failed to do. Seduced by bribes and promises, an Indian follower of Andres guided a party of Spanish soldiers to the council-house of the rebels. The chiefs were all taken and put to death. Deprived of its leaders, the Indian army broke up and dispersed. Innumerable executions followed, and the war was estimated to have cost from first to last nearly a hundred thousand lives. Its only beneficial result to the Indians was the abolition of repartimientos.

During the revolution that lost Peru to Spain, the Indians took part with the patriots, who deluded them with promises of a monarchy, and of placing a descendant of the Incas on the throne. Not clearly understanding the causes of the war, the Indians frequently turned their arms against their own allies, and killed all white men who fell into their power. Many provinces were entirely deserted by the Creoles and Metises, in consequence of the furious animosity of the coloured race. In Jaaja, the Indians swore they would not leave so much as a white dog or fowl alive, and they even scratched the white paint from the walls of the houses. When General Valdos and his cavalry crossed the river of Jaaja and attacked the Indians, the latter scorned to save themselves by flight, but threw themselves upon the lances with cries of "*Mata me, Godo!*" [*Godo*, goth, the nickname given by Peruvian Indians to the Spaniards.] Kill me!" Two thousand remained upon the field, the Spaniards not ceasing to kill till their arms were too tired to strike.

Dr. Tschudi inclines to believe that sooner or later the Indians will throw off the yoke of effeminate and cowardly Creoles, and establish a government of their own. Whether such a government will be able or allowed to maintain itself, it is difficult to say; although, as the doctor observes, why should it not, at least, as well as a negro republic in an Archipelago peopled by the most civilized nations of Europe! Since the separation of Peru from Spain, the Indians have made great progress in many respects; they have been admitted into the army, have become familiar with firearms, and military manoeuvres, and have learned the manufacture of gunpowder, materials for which their mountains abundantly afford. Their hatred of the whites is bitter as ever, their feeling of nationality very strong—their attachment to the memory of their Incas, and to their old form of government, undiminished. In spite of long oppression, they still possess pride and self reliance. Besides the government forced upon them by the Creoles, they preserve and obey their old laws. Let a leader like Tupac Amaru appear amongst them, and there is every probability of an Indian revolution, very different in its results to any that has yet occurred.

Most Robinson Crusoe-like in its interest is the long chapter wherein Dr. Tschudi details his forest adventures, and we regret that we must be very summary in our notice of it. With extraordinary courage and perseverance the doctor and a German friend made their way to the heart of the backwoods, built themselves a log-hut, and despising the numerous dangers by which they were environed, abode there for months, collecting zoological specimens. Of the perils that beset them, Dr. Tschudi's unvarnished narrative of the daily sights and nocturnal sounds that assailed their startled senses in those wild regions, gives a lively idea. Indian cannibals, ferocious beasts, reptiles whose bite is instant death, venomous insects, and even vampires, compose the pleasant population of this district, into which these stout-hearted Europeans fearlessly ventured. Of the beasts of prey the ounce is the most dangerous; and so fierce and numerous has its breed become in certain districts of Peru, as to compel the Indians to abandon their villages. We are told of one hamlet, in the ravine of Mayunmarca, that has been desolate for a century past on this account. The ounces used annually to decimate its inhabitants. More perilous even than these animals, to the wanderer in the forest, are the innumerable serpents that lurk beneath the accumulation of dead leaves bestrewn the ground. The most deadly is a small viper about ten inches long, the only species of the viper family as yet discovered in South America. The virulence of its venom kills the strongest man in the space of two or three minutes. The Indians, when bitten by it, do not dream of seeking an antidote, but at once lie down to die. Bats are exceedingly plentiful, and very large, some measuring nearly two feet across the extended wings. The blood-sucker or vampire (*phyllostoma*) finds its way in search of food into stables and houses. The smooth-haired domestic animals are especially liable to its attacks. With wings half open it places itself upon their backs, and rubs with its snout till the small sharp teeth break the outer skin. Then it draws in its wings, stretches itself out, and sucks the blood, making the while a gentle movement with its body, not unlike the undulations of a busy leech. The fanning motion of the wings described by some writers was never observed by Dr. Tschudi. Although the vampires only imbibe a few ounces of blood, the subsequent hemorrhage is very great, and full-grown mules sometimes die of the exhaustion caused by their repeated attacks. One of the doctor's beasts was only saved from such a fate by being rubbed every five or six days with turpentine and other strong-smelling drugs, which kept off the vampires. It has often been disputed whether these disgusting animals attack human beings. Our traveller deposes to their doing so, and cites an instance witnessed by himself. A bat (*Ph. erythronotus*, Tsch.) fixed upon the nose of an Indian who lay drunk in the court of a plantation, and sucked his blood till it was unable to fly away. Violent inflammation and swelling of the Indian's head were the consequences of the trifling wound inflicted.

We must here make mention of the *carbunculo*, a fabulous animal, whose existence obtains credit in most parts of Peru. Wherever he went, Dr. Tschudi heard stories of this creature, and met persons who asserted that they had seen it. It is reported to be of the size of a fox, with long black hair, and only to appear at night, when it glides slowly through the bushes or amongst the rocks. When pursued, a valve or trap door opens in its forehead, and an extraordinarily brilliant object—believed by the natives to be a precious stone—becomes visible, dispelling the darkness and dazzling the pursuer. Then the forehead closes, and the creature disappears. According to other accounts, it emerges from its lurking-place with carbuncle displayed, and only conceals it when attacked. This strange superstition is not of Spanish origin, but of older date than Pizarro's invasion. Of course it has never been possible to catch or kill a specimen of this remarkable species, although the Spaniards have used every effort to get hold of such a creature; and in the viceroy's instructions to the missionaries, the *carbunculo* was set down in the very first rank of desiderata. Dr. Tschudi vainly endeavoured to discover, with some degree of certainty, what animal had served as a pretext for the fable.

After a four years' residence in Peru, and when preparing for a journey that was to include an investigation of all the provinces, and to last for several years, Dr. Tschudi was seized in the Cordilleras with a nervous fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. Upon his recovery, he found that long repose, both of mind and body, was essential to the complete restoration of his health.

Such repose he could not be certain of granting himself if he remained in Peru, and he therefore resolved to seek it upon the ocean. He took ship, and reached Europe at the commencement of 1843, after an absence of five years. He greatly regrets not having visited every part of Peru, especially the historical city of Cuzco, and the forests of Urubamba. But his harvest of knowledge has been so rich and abundant, that he should not, we think, begrudge the remnant of the crop to the gleaners who may come after him.

SPECTRE WITNESSES.

Much as the disembodied spirits of the dead have associated themselves with men's actions, it is a rarity to find the intercourse between the world of life and that of spirits forming an item in official and practical business and holding a place in the record of its transactions. The conflict of intellect in the practical business of life is a great exorciser of evil spirits; and while the strong-minded, the educated, and the learned, in the solitude of cloisters, in old graveyards, in caverns, or on 'blasted heaths,' have every now and then professed to be visited by apparitions, twelve of the most superstitious men in the world, empannelled as a jury, would hardly be found to attest a ghost story by a verdict returned in open court. Defoe, it is true, presents to us the history of a murderer who, in giving false evidence against an innocent man, is confronted by the ghost of the victim, with which he carries on a dialogue in open court, ultimately fatal to his conspiracy. But the ingenious writer leaves it undetermined whether the spectre was supposed to be present, or the diseased imagination of the perjured murderer, working upon his organs of sight, had called up the impression, and made the suggestions of his evil conscience, like those of Macbeth, appear to be embodied before his eyes. And here, by the way, let us just note how preposterously the stage, in representing this awful instance of the force of conscience, outwits itself in the belief that it is gratifying the taste of the multitude. The true impressiveness of the guilty man's terror consists in his seeing what the onlookers see not. 'The table is full,' but to him only—not to the wondering guests, or to his own iron-nerved wife. Yet at this moment, in the usual performance of the piece, some big stout man, dressed in tartans, with his throat painted to represent its being cut, stalks in and seats himself right in front of the audience, who should see the ghost of Banquo only reflected in the horror that distorts the countenance of Macbeth.

To return to our immediate subject. Sir Walter Scott having discovered, in the criminal records of Scotland, a trial for murder, in which some information received from the ghost of the murdered man was a part of the evidence, thought the record of sufficient interest to be printed for the Bannatyne Club, with the title, 'Trial of Duncan Terig alias Clerk, and Alexander Bayne Macdonald, for the Murder of Arthur Davies, Sergeant in General Guise's regiment of foot, June 1754.' The sergeant was commander of a small party, employed in the obnoxious duty of enforcing the act against the Highlanders carrying arms and wearing their native costume. He was stationed at Braemar, where the quantity of game on the surrounding hills tempted him to make solitary sporting excursions. The spot where he met his death was on the hill of Christie, one of the range of mountains which extends from the Dee in Aberdeenshire towards the Spital of Glenshee, in the Braes of Angus. It is at this day a savage and solitary district, where human habitations or cultivated lands are hardly to be met with, and a body might lie in the deep heather till the flesh fell from the bones ere the usual course of chance might bring a visitor to the spot. We may have some idea of the sergeant's character from the testimony of his widow. He seems to have been a fearless, frank, good-natured man, fond of field sports, and well to do in the world. The wealth he carried about his person would not be often found with one of his standing; but from Fielding's novels, and other sources, it is pretty clear that a sergeant in the army occupied a much higher social position in that age than in the present.

The most important portion of the widow's testimony was thus given:—"Her husband was a keen sportsman, and used to go out a-shooting or fishing generally every day. When he went along with the party on patrol, he sent the men home, and followed his sport. On other occasions, he went out a-shooting by himself alone. He was a sober man, a good manager, and had saved money to the value of about fifteen guineas and a-half, which he had in gold, and kept in a green silk purse, which he enclosed within a leathern purse, along with any silver he had. Besides this gold, he generally wore a silver watch in his pocket, and two gold rings upon one of his fingers, one of which was of pale yellow gold, and had a little lump of gold raised upon it, in the form of a seal. The other was a plain gold ring, which the deponent had got from David Holland, her first husband, with the letters D. H. on the inside, and had this posy on it—"When this you see, remember me." Sergeant Davies commonly wore a pair of large silver buckles in his shoes, marked also with the letters D. H. in the inside, which likewise had belonged to her said former husband; as also he wore silver knee-buckles, and had two dozen silver buttons upon a double-breasted vest, made of striped lutestring. He frequently had about him a folding penknife, that had a brown tortoiseshell handle, and a plate upon the end of it, on which was cut a naked boy, or some such device, with which he often sealed his letters. One day, when he was dressing some hooks, while the deponent was by, she observed he was cutting his hat with his penknife, and she went towards him and asked what he meant by cutting his hat? To which he answered that he was cutting his name upon it. To which the deponent replied, she could not see what he could mean by putting his name upon a thing of no value, and pulled it out of his hand in a jocular way; but he followed her, and took the hat from her, and she observed that the A. was then cut out in the hat; and after he got it, she saw him cut out the letter D., which he did in a hurry, and which the deponent believed was occasioned by the toying that was between them concerning this matter; for when she observed it, she said to him, you have made a pretty sort of work of it by having misplaced the letters. To which he answered that it was her fault, having caused him to do it in a hurry. The hat now upon the table, and which is lying in the clerk's hands, and referred to in the indictment, to the best of her judgment and belief is the hat above-mentioned. She never has seen neither the said sergeant, the green silk purse or leathern purse before-mentioned, nor the buckles for his shoes or knees, watch, or penknife, since he marched from his quarters with the party at the time at which he is supposed to have been murdered. On Thursday, being the day immediately preceding Michaelmas, being the 28th of September 1749, her husband went out very early in the morning from Dubrach, and four men of the party under his command soon after followed him, in order to meet the patrol from Glenshee; and in the afternoon, before four o'clock, the four men returned to Dubrach, and acquainted the deponent that they had seen and heard him fire a shot, as they believed, at Tarmatans, but that he did not join company with them. At the place appointed they met with a corporal and a party from Glenshee, and then retired home. Her husband never returned. She has never met with anybody who saw him after the party returned from the foresaid place,

excepting the corporal who that day commanded the party from Glenshee, who told her that, after the forementioned party from Dubrach had gone away from the foresaid appointed place, Sergeant Davies came up to him all alone, upon which the corporal told him he thought it was very unreasonable in him to venture upon the hill by himself, as for his part he was not without fear, even when he had his party of four men along with him; to which Sergeant Davies answered, that when he had his arms and ammunition about him, he did not fear anybody he could meet. Her husband made no secret of his having the gold before mentioned; and upon the many different occasions he had to pay and receive money, he used to take out his purse and show the gold; and even when he was playing with children, he would frequently take out his purse and rattle it for their diversion, from which it was generally known in the neighbourhood that the sergeant was worth money, and carried it about him. From the second day after the sergeant and party went from Dubrach as aforesaid, when the deponent found he did not return, she did believe, and does believe at this day, that he was murdered; for that he and she had lived together in as great amity and love as any couple could do that ever were married, and he never was in use to stay away a night from her; and it was not possible he could be under any temptation to desert, as he was much esteemed and beloved by all his officers, and had good reason to believe he would have been promoted to the rank of sergeant-major upon the first vacancy." The body had lain for nearly a year before it was discovered. Of the state in which it was found, and the alleged appearance of the sergeant's ghost to the witness, Alexander Macpherson alias Macgillias, the following is an account in that person's own words, as his evidence was taken down in court:—

"In the summer of 1750, he found, lying in a mossbank in the hill of Christie, a human body; at least the bones of a human body, of which the flesh was mostly consumed, and he believed it to be the body of Sergeant Davies, because it was reported in the country that he had been murdered in that hill the year before. When he first found this body there was a bit of blue cloth upon it, pretty entire, which he took to be what is called English cloth; he also found the hair of the deceased, which was of a dark mouse colour, and tied about with a black ribbon; he also observed some pieces of a striped stuff; and found also lying there a pair of brogues, which had been made with latches for buckles, which had been cut away by a knife. By the help of this stuff, he brought out the body, and laid it upon plain ground; in doing whereof, some of the bones were separated one from another. For some days he was in a doubt what to do; but meeting with John Growar in the moss, he told John what he had found, and John bade him tell nothing of it, otherwise he would complain of deponent to John Shaw of Daldownie; upon which the deponent resolved to prevent Growar's complaint, and go and tell Daldownie of it himself; and which having accordingly done, Daldownie desired him to conceal the matter, and go and bury the body privately, as it would not be carried to a kirk unkent, and that the same might hurt the country, being under suspicion of being a rebel country. Some few days thereafter he acquainted Donald Farquharson of his having seen the body of a dead man in the hill, which he took to be the body of Sergeant Davies. Farquharson at first doubted the truth of his information, till the deponent told him that, a few nights before, when he was in bed, a vision appeared to him as of a man clad in blue, who told the deponent, 'I am Sergeant Davies;' but before he told him so, the deponent had taken the said vision, at first appearance to be a real living man, a brother of Donald Farquharson's. The deponent rose from his bed, and followed him to the door, and then it was, as has been told, that he said he was Sergeant Davies, who had been murdered in the hill of Christie near a year before, and desired the deponent to go to the place he had pointed at, when he would find his bones, and that he might go to Donald Farquharson and take his assistance to the burying of him. Upon giving Donald Farquharson this information, Donald went along with him, and found the bones as he had informed Donald, and then buried them with the help of a spade, which he (the deponent) had along with him; and for putting what is above deposed on out of doubt, deposes that the above vision was the occasion of his going by himself to see the dead body, and which he did before he either spoke to John Growar, Daldownie, or any other body. While he was in bed another night, after he had first seen the body by himself, but had not buried it, the vision again appeared, naked, and minded him to bury the body; and after that he spoke to the other folks above mentioned, and at last complied, and buried the bones above mentioned. Upon the vision's first appearance to the deponent in his bed, and after going out of the door, and being told by it he was Sergeant Davies, the deponent asked him who it was that had murdered him, to which it made this answer, that if the deponent had not asked, he might have told him, but as he had asked him, he said he either could not, or would not; but which of the two expressions the deponent cannot say. But at the second time the vision made its appearance to him, the deponent renewed the same question; and then the vision answered that it was two men now in the panel [at the bar,] that had murdered him. And being further interrogated in what manner the vision disappeared from him first and last, deposes that, after the short interviews above mentioned, the vision at both times disappeared and vanished out of his sight in the twinkling of an eye; and that in describing the panels by the vision before mentioned as his murderers, his words were, 'Duncan Clark and Alexander Macdonald;' deposes that the conversation betwixt the deponent and the vision was in the Irish language."

The idea of an English sergeant, even in the exalted form of a spirit, being able to speak Gaelic, startled the judge and jury, although, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, there is no greater stretch of imagination in supposing a ghost to speak a language which the living person did not understand, than in supposing it to speak at all. The other evidence against the prisoners was very strong; but this consideration as to Macpherson's deposition seems to have thrown a discredit over the whole case, and a verdict of acquittal was the consequence. A German would now suggest that phenomena of this kind are not wholly objective or external to the beholder, but partly subjective, and taking a character from himself, so that the English sergeant might really appear to the seer to speak 'as good Gaelic as ever was heard in Lochabar.' But such considerations were not likely to occur to a Scotch criminal court in the middle of the eighteenth century.

A book, privately printed under the title of "Notices relative to the Bannatyne Club," as appropriate to Sir Walter Scott's volume, gives an account of a case in Queen Anne's county, Maryland, where the appearance of a spectre was attested in an action as to a will.

"William Briggs said that Thomas Harris died in September, 1790. In the March following he was riding near the place where Thomas Harris was buried, on a horse formerly belonging to Thomas Harris. After crossing a small brook, his horse began to walk on very fast; it was between the hours of eight and nine o'clock in the morning; he was alone; it was a clear day; he entered a lane adjoining to the field where Thomas Harris was buried; his horse suddenly wheeled in a panel of the fence, looked over the fence into the field where

Thomas Harris was buried, towards the graveyard, and neighed very loud. Witness then saw Thomas Harris coming towards him in the same apparel as he had last seen him in his lifetime; he had on a sky-blue coat. Just before he came to the fence, he varied to the right, and vanished. His horse took the road."

We give some other instances of delusions or impostures having some resemblance to our Highland ghost story, in Sir Walter Scott's works:—

"In the French *Causes Célèbres et Intéressantes*, is one in which a countryman prosecutes a tradesman, named Anguier, for about twenty thousand francs, said to have been lent to the tradesman. It was pretended that the loan was to account for the proceeds of a treasure which Mirabel, the peasant, had discovered by means of a ghost or spirit, and had transferred to the said Anguier, that he might convert it into cash for him. The defendant urged the impossibility of the original discovery of the treasure by the spirit to the prosecutor; but the defence was repelled by the influence of the principal judge; and on a charge so ridiculous, Anguier narrowly escaped the torture. At length, though with hesitation, the prosecutor was consulted, upon the ground that if his own story was true, the treasure, by the ancient laws of France, belonged to the crown. So that the ghost-seer, though he had nearly occasioned the defendant to be put to the torture, profited in the end nothing by his motion.

"This is something like a decision of the great Frederick of Prussia. One of his soldiers, a Catholic, pretended peculiar sanctity, and an especial devotion to a particular image of the Virgin Mary, which, richly decorated with ornaments by the zeal of her worshippers, was placed in a chapel in one of the churches of the city where her votary was quartered. The soldier acquired such familiarity with the object of his devotion, and was so much confided in by the priests, that he watched for, and found, an opportunity of possessing himself of a valuable diamond necklace belonging to the Madonna. Although the defendant was taken in the manner, he had the impudence, knowing the case was to be heard by the king, to say that the Madonna herself had voluntarily presented him with her necklace, observing that, as her good and faithful votary, he had better apply it to his necessities than that it should remain useless in her custody.

"The king, happy of the opportunity of tormenting the priests, demanded of them whether there was a possibility that the soldier's defence might be true. Their faith obliged them to grant that the story was possible, while they exhausted themselves on the improbabilities that attended it. 'Nevertheless,' said the king, 'since it is possible, we must, in absence of proof, receive it as true in the first instance. All I can do to check an imprudent generosity of the saints in future, is to publish an edict, or public order, that all soldiers in my service who shall accept any gift from the Virgin, or any saint whatever, shall, *eo ipso*, incur the penalty of death.'

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS:

Wanderings in South Africa. By Henry H. Methuen. Bently.

We return to this spirited volume as there is more matter in it than in the usual run of modern books of travel. Our last extract was of an encounter with a lion. Farther on we have some notice of

THE LION'S HABITS.

The first lion was heard in the night. Contrary to prevailing notions, there is generally nothing very grand or loud in this animal's voice while prowling at night; it is a suppressed, panting roar, expressive of great impatience: when they approach very near, their purr can be distinguished, and the sensations produced, both on man and beast, by this sound breaking the silence of the night in an uninhabited wilderness, it is impossible to describe; though they must be entirely referred to a prior knowledge of the lion's habits, and voice. I have heard the lion roar very loudly, but it is not a common occurrence: the natives pretend to understand his language, and decide by it whether he is hungry or satisfied.

The country was here thinly inhabited by Bushmen, who rejoice in the advance of the white population. A short notice is given of the general habit of

THE BUSH PEOPLE.

The habits of the Bushmen are migratory and unsettled, and, depending in so great a degree on game for their subsistence, that they rarely associate together in large numbers. Their arms consist of assegais, and bow and arrow, the latter poisoned by a vegetable extract from a species of *amaryllis*, or by the poison of snakes and venomous insects: the shaft of the arrow is of reed, bound at either end with sinews, and the point, commonly of bone, is so made that it can be drawn out and inverted: the poisoned end being always kept carefully sheathed in the reed till required for use. The bow itself is small and weak, nor, judging by their efforts to strike a hat which I once placed as a target, and offered as a prize to the best shot, are they very extraordinary marksmen. They generally creep up within thirty yards before shooting at any creature. Their stature has, I think, been underrated as much as their intellectual capabilities: the men are not often below five feet, and the expression of their faces is mostly shrewd and animated. In hardihood they eclipse any class of beings that I ever saw. A leathern girdle round the loins is worn by the men, and an apron by the women; the rest of the person being uncovered: and, with the exception of a skin, which in very severe weather is thrown over the shoulders, this forms their entire wardrobe. I have seen little Bush-children running naked in the grass when the temperature was so low that I had on me a thick great coat.

The buffalos were usually found congregated in huge herds in the vicinity of water. Good sport was usually obtained in

BUFFALO SHOOTING.

A herd of at least two hundred buffalos, slowly grazing along a hill-side towards the water, was soon descried, and, securing our horses, we dismounted and approached them.

Buffalos are very regular in their evening visits to the streams with which they are familiar; they are most hideous, ungainly creatures, with very low shoulders, very heavy round bodies, and thick short legs. Their horns are immense, especially in the bull, meeting together on the forehead, and forming an impenetrable shield to the brain, of nearly a foot in depth. They always run with their noses protruded, and horns thrown back, carrying the head low, and presenting the most malicious, ruffian-like aspect. We crept within shot of the herd and fired; all the balls struck, but Piet alone succeeded in killing a huge bull, which ran at least one hundred and fifty yards before it fell, though, as we afterwards found out, the bullets had perforated the heart. The enormous beasts, scared by the report, charged, crashing through the bush, and stopped again within five hundred yards of the spot whence they started. In this manner we followed them upon foot, and killed four, beside wounding others, till the whole of them broke cover and fled. We had not at this time gained any experience of the buffalo's revengeful disposition, or we should not have pursued them so hotly, without securing a tree to climb in case of being attacked.

Large limbs of the mimosas were shivered and knocked off by the rocky brows of the flying squadron, and a calf was caught by the dogs in passing the wag-gons. Pearson happening to come near it when thus arrested in its progress, it bellowed, broke loose from its persecutors, and made a rush at him, which, stout as he was, would have felled him in an instant; but, to save his ribs, he broke the stock of his gun over the buffalo's head, and so checked his fury; when the dogs again seized it—halters were then brought, and it was fastened to a wagon-wheel, where it strangled itself in the night. It was nearly dark before we had ceased shooting, so, leaving the dead buffalos untouched we returned to our homes.

17th. A white frost encrusted the ground at daybreak, and soon after we set off in the direction of the buffalos. The one which Piet killed was the largest, standing at the withers sixteen hands; girth at shoulder seven feet two inches; of fore elbow two feet six inches; horns, two feet one inch from tip to tip, and much curved; ears twelve inches; length of body six feet ten inches. Jackals had gnawed the lips and torn out the entrails of the dead buffalos, and vultures were assembling in vast numbers, hovering over head, and sitting in moping postures on the adjacent branches.

The first encounter of the party with rhinoceroses was quite successful. The huge beasts seem to be too dull to be very dangerous. After the slaughter a party of natives gave them a specimen of

AFRICAN COOKERY.

Continuing our walk, we spied two rhinoceroses in the mimosa below us, which we stole a march upon. On descending to low ground we for some little time could not descry our quarry, and came upon it quite suddenly; the two enormous brutes both lying asleep in a state of complete unconsciousness. At the first fire one of them, a cow, rushed by within a yard of our ambush, snorting violently, and limping on one leg; we followed her up, and, after receiving several two-ounce balls in her shoulder, she fell with a loud scream. The second, which proved to be a young bull, that had not yet abandoned leading-strings, was necessarily killed also, since he would not allow us to come near his mother. The height of the cow was six feet at the wither; length of head, two feet ten inches; of body, eleven feet. The present specimen belonged to the large white species, the least dangerous of the whole; and I now discovered that the one which I first shot was of a different order, and by report a very vicious one, so that its speedy death was perhaps a fortunate event for us. We have not yet encountered many rhinoceroses, but indications of their existence are numerous.

22d. Early in the morning we went to the rhinoceroses, which lay at a slight distance from our camp, a large body of natives following us, whom we learnt were a deputation of Bawangketsi from Sobique, their chief, who wished us to visit his dominions. The Bawangketsi lit several fires, and commenced flaying the rhinoceroses; vultures, as usual, closely watching the dissecting process. Hacking away with tomahawk and assegai, the savages in a little while separated and removed the entire ribs from one side of the female rhinoceros; two of them then stepped inside the belly, and standing in blood above their ankles, aided their comrades in bailing the clotted glutinous substance into the intestines, which had been previously inverted and fastened up at one end. Thus a black pudding on a large scale was manufactured. It is needless to state that all the process was completed by hand, and that, with their naked arms and legs, besmeared and encrusted with blood, all talking vehemently together, they were a savage and terrible group. The flesh was cut into long thin strips to dry, for salt is here very scarce, and all the bushes round were festooned with odious garlands of this nature.

We find in another part of the volume

AN ADVENTURE IN RHINOCEROS SHOOTING.

Coming to the dry sandy bed of a periodical stream, we descried, as we thought, two rhinoceroses asleep in the low bush and reeds which grew along the margin. Cautiously approaching to leeward, we left the horses with Frolic, and advanced on foot to within thirty yards of the drowsy monsters. We were obliged to bend ourselves nearly double for concealment, so slight a shelter did the bushes afford us. Here, to our surprise, we observed no less than five rhinoceroses, slumbering like so many fat pigs in a straw heap, and one leisurely drew near our ambush, but soon halted, and with a grunt arranged his ponderous frame in a most convenient attitude for repose. After a brief council of war, we both fired together into the shoulder of the one nearest to us, which was somewhat protected by an intervening shrub.

Never did antelope rise more nimbly at hearing the lion's roar than did these five sleepers from their siesta. The wounded one, probably, scenting the powder, came thundering towards us, like a locomotive engine: the rest fortunately took another direction, for we could scarcely have withstood such a charge of heavy cavalry. We dodged behind the bushes, through which the animal crashed as if through so much grass, and had the felicity of seeing it hurry beyond us; for my friend was within an ace of being trampled upon by the enraged animal in its headlong course.

It was no uncommon thing for the travellers while peacefully journeying through a wild country, to be surprised by the appearance of some ferocious animal bounding across their path. On one occasion the author

BROUGHT DOWN A FINE LEOPARD.

We were slowly riding through this defile, when a magnificent male leopard, that seemed to have been lying in wait for prey, bounded from the stream up the crags, with an agility only possessed by the feline race, and by them in a wild state. I leaped instinctively from my horse, and, having a small double rifle in my hand, sent one ball after him, which striking a stone near brought him to bay: he faced me instantly with a resolute air, and gave me an excellent shot, which I took with the second barrel;—he sprang forward with a growl, and I ran to my horse, which, alarmed by my gestures took to flight, so, facing the enemy, I expected his attack; but my companions, who, from the suddenness of the whole, had had no time to assist, shouted out 'He is dead,' and relieved my anxiety. The ball had pierced the leopard's heart, and it lay quite dead.

Sometimes the travellers came on unpleasant omens. 'Skulls, either of men that have fallen in war, or been killed by lions, are occasionally to be seen bleaching on the plains.' The most valuable of all the beasts of chase for food were elands, which were occasionally met with in herds. We have a short account of the exciting nature of the

ELAND HUNT.

A few elands were observed; and, these valuable creatures not having been as frequently met as we could have wished, we pursued them, hoping to lay in a good supply of fat.

Four of them fell to our rifles, and we returned in high spirits. Pearson had a bad fall, his horse coming down in rocky ground, but was not materially hurt, although his gun-stock was broken in half. The scene at one period of this pursuit is worthy of description, though words can but inadequately convey it to

the reader's mind. The elands were crossing an extensive plain, the horses by the side of the huge bulls looking no larger than donkeys; each horseman having selected his victim. Intent upon chasing the ponderous creatures, whose sides and dewlaps reeked with perspiration, we did not perceive the advance of two rhinoceroses till they were close upon us, one on each side within one hundred yards;—they were in a very excited state, while some troops of the blue gnou, quagga, and sassaybie, dashing past, increased their astonishment and indignation;—they ploughed the soil with their horns, and charged through the dust at everything which came near them, their ugly heads looking too large for their bodies. It was amusing to see with what utter disregard the other animals, conscious of their superior fleetness, treated the rhinoceroses.

The shores of the large rivers were clothed with the most magnificent vegetation, and here animal life seemed to vie in profusion and grandeur with the produce of the soil. Nothing can be more striking than the description given of

THE BANKS OF THE MARIQUA.

Heat and moisture together fostered the vegetation along the river banks in the most powerful manner; and during our ride that perfect stillness, so common in the noon of hot days, wrapped everything in complete repose. The weather was intensely warm, although we rode chiefly in the shade of a broad belt of jungle, through which the numerous rhinoceros and buffalo paths enabled us to proceed. We were frequently brought to a halt by deep ravines and gullies, where tributary streams had worn a channel to the river, but, by retracing our steps, always found an opportunity of crossing. The waters of the Mariqua, unbroken by a ripple, unless when a fish rose to the surface, glistened in the sun, and the foliage above them was motionless. Spoors of lion and hippopotamus, with old elephant tracks, were visible along the banks; and my pulse beat quickly as I pictured to myself Behemoth, and the gigantic lords of the forest, bathing in these beautiful and lonely retreats. Every shade of green was combined together in one dense mass; the light and vividly green mimosa, the darker willow with its graceful and pensile boughs, acacias, of various kinds, and numberless others, of which I know not the names. On a sudden, a lioness sprang from her lair with a growl, not a yard before me, and bounded off as fast as her legs would carry her, followed by all our dogs; I fired at her as she rounded a bush, but without effect.

We next came across a herd of female waterbucks. These creatures are as large as a red deer; are of a dark-greyish colour, and have long hair; the females are hornless, but the males have horns upwards of two feet and a half, ringed, diverging, and upwards, with a curve forwards. A white line encircles the tail in both sexes.

The sportsmen had often curious witnesses of their exploits. An English gentleman, used only to the pheasant and partridge shooting of his country, would hardly relish such lookers on as are found in

AFRICAN JUNGLES.

Bain shot a rhinoceros, and Piet having killed a pallah, came for a horse to convey it to the waggons, but on returning he found the buck gone, and in its place the spoor of a large lion, which had taken it away, doubtless well pleased with a feast gained with so little trouble. John also, while cutting off some of the hide from a dead buffalo, saw two lions watching his manœuvres with much apparent interest.

The cookery was as strange as the game. Here is

A NEW DISH FOR M. SOYER.

Breakfast on elephant's feet, cooked in the approved South African fashion by being placed in a hole with hot embers, and then covered with the same. The outer skin having been removed after this preparatory process, a gelatinous substance like calves' head was abstracted by means of a spoon, and when duly seasoned with pepper and salt formed no despicable dish.

In the midst of the most barren and desolate scenery, the traveller in these barbarous regions suddenly comes upon a spot of unsurpassable beauty, where

FOUNTAINS ARE BREAKING FROM ROCKS.

Continuing our ride, some Baguaines conducted us to a fountain beautifully situated at the rocky base of a hill, which formed one side of a pass through which the waggons were to travel. Above it was a steep and jagged rock, in whose crevices many wild fig-trees made their anchorage good, with apparently no means of sustenance; their silvery roots ramifying confusedly among the rocky clefts like veins of white spar. Some trees of this kind overshadowed the spring, excluding the sun's rays from the water, which trickled forth cool and bright, enlivening the heavy dull stones with a verdant cloak of moss, and enticing many motley-plumaged birds and butterflies, beside larger animals of different kinds, to quench their thirst there; the spoors of the lion and rhinoceros could be discerned amongst others. This is indeed one of the most delightful objects both to the eye and to the palate of a traveller in so sultry a climate, nor can it be less so to the various creatures that drink its waters.

These extracts will give an idea of the spirit of these volumes, though they fail to convey the variety of the scenes the author has described in his pages. All creation here presents itself under an aspect unknown to Europe. The delusive mirage tempts the footsteps of the wanderer in search of lakes that fly from his vision as he attempts to reach them, breaks the landscape into a thousand fantastic shapes, and gives gigantic dimensions to the forms of life that appear under its dazzling influence. Salt pans stretching over hundreds of acres cover the desert with an imitation of smooth and brilliant lakes. Fountains, breaking forth in the midst of arid plains, raise islands of the most fruitful and vivid vegetation for the refreshment of life, till the flow of the waters is lost in the spongy sand. Groves of thick and beautiful mimosa border the banks of rivers which give fertility to wide tracks of country, and nourish every species of existence, from that of the lordly elephant who crushes forest trees in his path, to that of the tiny insects which sport in the air like rays of brilliant light.

The natives he met with were generally friendly in disposition. From several queens whose attire consisted of brass bracelets and bead necklaces, he received great attention. Wherever missionaries have penetrated, they have produced a marked and beneficial improvement in the native population. Mr. Methuen does full justice to their labours, and expresses his belief that Africa can only be civilized through their instrumentality.

This able and novel volume will afford amusement to all classes of readers. Since the work of Major Harris, nothing has been written on Africa more likely to become popular. Some engravings are introduced, and, with a map the work would have been complete.

MY COLLEGE FRIENDS.

CHARLES RUSSELL, THE GENTLEMAN-COMMONER.

"Have you any idea who that fresh gentleman-commoner is?" said I to Savile, who was sitting next to me at dinner, one day soon after the beginning of term. We had not usually in the college above three or four of that privileged

class, so that any addition to their table attracted more attention than the arrival of the vulgar herd of freshmen to fill up the vacancies at our own. Unless one of them had choked himself with his mutton, or taken some equally decided mode of making himself an object of public interest, scarcely any man of "old standing" would have even inquired his name.

"Is he one of our men?" said Savile, as he scrutinized the party in question. "I thought he had been a stranger dining with some of them. Murray, you know the history of every man who comes up, I believe—who is he?"

"His name is Russell," replied the authority referred to; "Charles Wynderbie Russell; his father's a banker in the city: Russell and Smith, you know, — Street."

"Ay, I dare say," said Savile; "one of your rich tradesmen; they always come up as gentlemen-commoners, to show that they have lots of money: it makes me wonder how any man of decent family ever condescends to put on a silk gown." Savile was the younger son of a poor baronet, thirteenth in descent, and affected considerable contempt for any other kind of distinction.

"Oh!" continued Murray, "this man is by no means of a bad family: his father comes of one of the oldest houses in Dorsetshire, and his mother, you know, is one of the Wynderbies of Wynderbie Court—a niece of Lord De Staveley's."

"I know!" said Savile; "nay, I never heard of Wynderbie Court in my life; but I dare say you know, which is quite sufficient. Really, Murray, you might make a good speculation by publishing a genealogical list of the undergraduate members of the university—birth, parentage, family connexions, governors' present incomes, probable expectations, &c. &c. It would sell capitally among the tradesmen—they'd know exactly when it was safe to give credit. You could call it *A Guide to Duns*."

"Or a *History of the Un-landed Gentry*," suggested I.

"Well, he is a very gentleman-like looking fellow, that Mr. Russell, banker or not," said Savile, as the unconscious subject of our conversation left the hall; "I wonder who knows him?"

The same question might have been asked a week—a month after this conversation, without eliciting any very satisfactory answer. With the exception of Murray's genealogical information—the correctness of which was never doubted for a moment, though how or where he obtained this and similar pieces of history, was a point on which he kept up an amusing mystery—Russell was a man of whom no one appeared to know anything at all. The other gentlemen-commoners had, I believe, all called upon him, as a matter of courtesy to one of their own limited mess; but in almost every case it had merely amounted to an exchange of cards. He was either out of his rooms, or "sporting oak;" and Mr. C. W. Russell, on a bit of pasteboard, had invariably appeared in the note-box of the party for whom the honour was intended, on their return from their afternoon's walk or ride. Invitations to two or three wine-parties had followed, and been civilly declined. It was at one of these meetings that he again became the subject of conversation. We were a large party, at a man of the name of Tichborne's rooms, when some one mentioned having met "the Hermit," as they called him, taking a solitary walk about three miles out of Oxford the day before.

"Oh, you mean Russell," said Tichborne: "well, I was going to tell you, I called on him again this morning, and found him in his rooms. In fact, I almost followed him in after lecture; for I confess I had some little curiosity to find out what he was made of."

"And did you find out?"—"What sort of a fellow is he?" asked half-a-dozen voices at once; for, to say the truth, the curiosity which Tichborne had just confessed had been pretty generally felt, even among those who usually affected a dignified disregard of all matters concerning the nature and habits of freshmen.

"I sat with him for about twenty minutes; indeed, I should have stayed longer, for I rather liked the lad; but he seemed anxious to get rid of me. I can't make him out at all, though. I wanted him to come here to-night, but he positively would not, though he didn't pretend to have any other engagement: he said he never, or seldom, drank wine."

"Not drink wine!" interrupted Savile. "I always said he was some low fellow!"

"I have known some low fellows drink their skins full of wine, though; especially at other men's expense," said Tichborne, who was evidently not pleased with the remark; "and Russell is not a low fellow by any means."

"Well, well," replied Savile, whose good-humour was imperturbable—"if you say so, there's an end of it: all I mean to say is, I can't conceive any man not drinking wine, unless for the simple reason that he prefers brandy and water, and that I do call low. However, you'll excuse my helping myself to another glass of this particularly good claret, Tichborne, though it is at your expense: indeed, the only use of you gentlemen-commoners that I am aware of, is to give us a taste of the senior common-room wine now and then. They do manage to get it good there, certainly. I wish they would give out a few dozens as prizes at collections; it would do us a great deal more good than a Russia-leather book with the college arms on it. I don't know that I shouldn't take to reading in that case."

"Drink a dozen of it, old fellow, if you can," said Tichborne. "But really I am sorry we couldn't get Russell here this evening; I think he would be rather an acquisition, if he could be drawn out. As to his not drinking wine, that's a matter of taste; and he is not very likely to corrupt the good old principles of the college on that point. But he must please himself."

"What does he do with himself?" said one of the party—"read?"

"Why, he didn't talk about reading, as most of our literary freshmen do, which might perhaps lead one to suppose he really was something of a scholar; still, I doubt if he is what you call a reading man; I know he belongs to the Theuylides lecture, and I have never seen him there but once."

"Ah!" said Savile, with a sigh, "that's another privilege of yours I had forgotten, which is rather enviable; you can cut lectures when you like, without getting a thundering imposition. Where does this man Russell live?"

"He has taken those large rooms that Sykes used to have, and fitted up so capitally; they were vacant, you remember, the last two terms; I had some thought of moving into them myself, but they were confoundingly expensive, and I didn't think it worth while. They cost Sykes I don't know how much, in painting and papering, and are full of all sorts of couches, and easy chairs, and so forth. And this man seems to have got two or three good paintings into them; and, altogether, they are now the best rooms in college, by far."

"Does he mean to hunt?" asked another.

"No, I fancy not," replied our host: "though he spoke as if he knew something about it; but he said he had no horses in Oxford."

"Nor anywhere else, I'll be bound; he's a precious slow coach, you may depend upon it." And with this decisive remark, Mr. Russell and his affairs were dismissed for the time.

A year passed away, and still, at the end of that time—(a long time it seemed in those days)—Russell was as much a stranger in college as ever. He had begun to be regarded as a rather mysterious person. Hardly two men in the college agreed in their estimate of his character. Some said he was a natural son—the acknowledged heir to a large fortune, but too proud to mix in society, under the consciousness of a dishonoured birth. But this suspicion was indignantly refuted by Murray, as much on behalf of his own genealogical accuracy, as for Russell's legitimacy,—he was undoubtedly the true and lawful son and heir of Mr. Russell the banker, of — Street. Others said he was poor; but his father was reputed to be the most wealthy partner in a wealthy firm, and was known to have a considerable estate in the west of England. There was not wanting those who said he was 'eccentric,'—in the largest sense of the term. Yet his manners and conduct, as far as they came within notice, were correct, regular, and gentlemanly beyond criticism. There was nothing about him which could fairly incur the minor charge of being odd. He dressed well, though very plainly; would converse freely enough, upon any subject, with the men who, from sitting at the same table, or attending the same lectures, had formed a doubtful sort of acquaintance with him; and always showed great good sense, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a courtesy, and at the same time perfect dignity of manner, which effectually prevented any attempt to penetrate, by jest or direct question, the reserve in which he had chosen to inclose himself. All invitations he steadily refused; even to the extent of sending an excuse to the dean's and tutor's breakfast parties, to their ineffable disgust. Whether he read hard, or not, was equally a secret. He was regular in his attendance at chapel, and particularly attentive to the service; a fact which by no means tended to lower him in men's estimation, though in those days more remarkable than, happily, it would be now. At lectures, indeed, he was not equally exemplary, either as to attendance or behaviour; he was often absent when asked a question, and not always accurate when he replied; and occasionally declined translating a passage which came to his turn, on the ground of not having read it. Yet his scholarship, if not always strictly accurate, had a degree of elegance which betokened both talent and reading; and his taste was evidently naturally good, and classical literature a subject of interest to him. Although it rather piqued the vanity of those who saw most of him, that he would give them no opportunity of seeing more; and many affected to sneer at him, as a 'muff,' who would have been exceedingly flattered by his personal acquaintance. Only one associate did Charles Russell appear to have in the university; and this was a little greenish-haired man in a scholar's gown, a perfect contrast to himself in appearance, whose name or college no man knew, though some professed to recognize him as a Bible-clerk of one of the smallest and most obscure of the halls.

Attempts were made to pump out of his scout some information as to how Russell passed his time: for, with the exception of a daily walk, sometimes with the companion above mentioned, but much oftener alone, and his having been seen once or twice in a skiff on the river, he appeared rarely to quit his own rooms. Scouts are usually pretty communicative of all they know—and sometimes a great deal more—about the affairs of their many masters; and they are not inclined in general to hold a very high opinion of those among 'their gentlemen' who, like Russell, are behindhand in the matter of wine and supper parties—their own perquisites suffering thereby. But Job Allen was a scout of a thousand. His honesty and integrity made him quite the 'rara avis' of his class—i. e., a white swan amongst a flock of black ones. Though really, since I have left the university, and been condemned to house-keeping, and have seen the peculation and perquisite-hunting existing pretty nearly in the same proportion amongst ordinary servants—and the higher you go into society the worse it seems to be—without a tittle of the activity and cleverness displayed by a good college scout, who provides supper and etceteras for an extemporary party of twenty or so at an hour's notice, without starting a difficulty or giving vent to a grumble, or neglecting any one of his other multifarious duties (further than perhaps borrowing for the service of the supper, some hard-reading freshman's whole stock of knives, and leaving him to spread his nocturnal bread and butter with his fingers); since I have been led to compare this with the fuss and fidget caused in a 'well regulated family' among one's own lazy vagabonds by having an extra horse to clean, or by a couple of friends arriving unexpectedly to dinner, when they all stare at you as if you were expecting impossibilities, I have nearly come to the conclusion that college servants, like hedgehogs, are a grossly calumniated race of animals—wrongfully accused of getting their living by picking and stealing, whereas they are in fact rather more honest than the average of their neighbours. It is to be hoped that, like the hedgehogs, they enjoy a compensation in having too thick skins to be oversensitive. At all events, Job Allen was an honest fellow. He had been known to expostulate with some of his more reckless masters upon the absurdities of their goings-on; and had more than once had a comous of bread flung at his head, when taking the opportunity of symptoms of repentance, in an evident disrelish for breakfast, hint at the slow but inevitable approach of 'degree-day.' Cold chickens from the evening's supper-party had made a miraculous reappearance at next morning's lunch or breakfast; half-consumed bottles of port seemed, under his auspices, to lead charmed lives. No wonder, then, there was very little information about the private affairs of Russell to be got out of Job Allen. He had but a very poor talent for gossip, and none at all for invention. 'Mr. Russell's a very nice and quiet sort of a gentleman, sir, and keeps his-self pretty much to his-self.' This was Job's account of him; and, to curious inquirers, it was provoking both for its meagerness and its truth. 'Who's his friend in the rusty gown, Job?' 'I think, sir, his name's Smith.' 'Is Mr. Russell going up for a class, Job?' 'I can't say, indeed, sir.' 'Does he read hard?' 'Not over-hard I think, sir.' 'Does he sit up late, Job?' 'Not over late, sir.' If there was anything to tell, it was evident Job would neither commit himself nor his master.

Russell's conduct was certainly uncommon. If he had been the son of a poor man, dependant for his future livelihood on his own exertions, eking out the scanty allowance ill spared by his friends by the help of a scholarship or exhibition, and avoiding society as leading to necessary expense, his position would have been understood, and even, in spite of the prejudices of youthful extravagance, been commended. Or if he had been a hard-reading man from choice—or a stupid man—or a 'saint'—no one would have troubled themselves about him or his proceedings. But Russell was a gentleman-commoner, and a man who had evidently seen something of the world; a rich man, and apparently by no means of the character fitted for a recluse. He had dined once with the principal, and the two or three men who had met him there were considerably surprised the easy gracefulness of his manners, and his information upon many points usually beyond the range of undergraduates: at his own table, he never affected any reserve, although, perhaps from a consciousness of having virtually declined any intimacy with his companions, he seldom originated any conversation. It might have been assumed, indeed, that he despised the society into which he was thrown, but that his bearing, so far from haughty,

or even cold, was occasionally marked by apparent dejection. There was also, at times, a breaking out as it were of the natural spirit of youth checked almost abruptly; and once or twice he had betrayed an interest in and a knowledge of, field-sports, and ordinary amusements, which for the moment made his hearers fancy, as Tichborne said, that he was 'coming out.' But if, as at first often happened, such conversations led to a proposal for a gallop with the harriers, or a ride the next afternoon, or a match at billiards, or even an invitation to a quiet breakfast party—the refusal, though always courteous—and sometimes it was fancied unwilling—was always decided. And living day by day within reach of that close companionship which similarity of age, pursuits, and tastes, strengthened by daily intercourse, was cementing around him, Charles Russell, in his twentieth year, in a position to choose his own society, and qualified to shine in it, seemed to have deliberately adopted the life of a recluse.

There were some indeed, who accounted for his behaviour on the ground of stinginess; and it was an opinion somewhat strengthened by one or two trifling facts. When the subscription list for the College boat was handed to him, he put his name down for the minimum of one guinea, though Charley White, our secretary, with the happy union of impudence and 'soft sawder' for which he was remarkable, delicately drew his attention to the fact, that no other gentleman-commoner had given less than five. Still it was not very intelligible that a man who wished to save his pocket should choose to pay double fees for the privilege of wearing a velvet cap and silk gown, and rent the most expensive set of rooms in the college.

It happened that I returned one night somewhat late from a friend's room out of college, and had the satisfaction to find that my scout, in an unusually careful mode, had shut my outer "oak," which had a spring lock, of which I never by any chance carried the key. It was too late to send for the rascal to open it, and I was just planning the possibility of effecting an entrance at the window by means of the porter's ladder, when the light in Russell's room caught my eye, and I remembered that, in the days of their former occupant, our keys used to correspond, very much to our mutual convenience. It was no very great intrusion, even towards one in the morning, to ask a man to lend you his doorway, when the alternative seemed to be spending the night in the quadrangle; so I walked up his staircase, knocked, was admitted, and stated my business with all proper apologies. The key was produced most graciously, and down I went again—unluckily two steps at a time. My foot slipped, and one grand rattle brought me to the bottom: not head first, but feet first, which possibly is not quite so dangerous, but any gentleman who has tried it will agree with me that it is sufficiently unpleasant. I was dreadfully shaken; and when I tried to get up, found it no easy matter. Russell, I suppose, heard the fall, for he was by my side by the time I had collected my ideas. I felt as if I had skinned myself at slight intervals all down one side; but the worst of it was a sprained ankle. How we got up stairs again I have no recollection; but when a glass of brandy had brought me to a little, I found myself in an easy-chair, with my foot on a stool, shivering and shaking like a wet puppy. I stayed there a fortnight (not in the chair, reader, but in the rooms); and so it was I became intimately acquainted with Charles Russell. His kindness and attention to me were excessive; I wished of course to be moved to my own rooms at once, but he would not hear of it; and as I found every wriggle and twist which I gave quite sufficiently painful, I acceded to my surgeon's advice to remain where I was.

It was not a very pleasant mode of introduction for either party. Very few men's acquaintance is worth the pains of bumping all the way down stairs and spraining an ankle for; and for a gentleman who voluntarily confines himself to his own apartment and avoids society, to have another party chummed in upon him perforce, day and night, sitting in an arm-chair, with a suppressed groan occasionally, and an abominable smell of hartshorn—is, to say the least of it, not the happiest mode of hinting to him the evils of solitude. Whether it was that the one of us, compelled thus against his will to play the host, was anxious to show he was no churl by nature, and the other, feeling himself necessarily in a great degree an intruder and a bore, put forth more zealously any redeeming social qualities he might possess; be this as it might, within that fortnight Russell and I became sincere friends.

I found him, as I had expected, a most agreeable and gentlemanlike companion, clever and well informed, and with a higher and more settled tone of principles than is common to his age and position. But strongly contrasted with his usually cheerful manner, were sudden intervals of abstraction approaching to gloominess. In him, it was evidently not the result of caprice, far less of anything approaching to affectation. I watched him closely, partly from interest, partly because I had little else to do, and became convinced that there was some latent cause of grief or anxiety at work. Once in particular, after the receipt of some letters (they were always opened hurriedly, and apparently with a painful interest), he was so visibly discomposed and depressed in spirits, that I ventured to express a hope that they had contained no distressing intelligence. Russell seemed embarrassed at having betrayed any unusual emotion, and answered in the negative; adding, that "he knew he was subject to the blues occasionally"—and I felt I could say no more. But I suppose I did not look convinced; for catching my eyes fixed on him soon afterwards, he shook my hand and said, "Something has vexed me—I cannot tell you what; but I won't think about it again now."

One evening, towards the close of my imprisonment, after a long and pleasant talk over our usual sober wind-up of a cup of coffee, some recent publication, tasteful, but rather expensive, was mentioned, which Russell expressed a wish to see. I put the natural question, to a man in his position who could appreciate the book, and to whom a few pounds were no consideration—why he did not order it? He coloured slightly, and after a moment's hesitation hurriedly replied, "Because I cannot afford it." I felt a little awkwardness as to what to say next; for the style of everything round me betrayed a lavish disregard of expense, and yet the remark did not at all bear the tone of a jest. Probably Russell understood what was passing in my mind; for presently, without looking at me, he went on: "Yes, you may well think it a pitiful economy to grudge five guineas for a book like that, and indulge one's self in such pompous nomenclature as we have here;" and he pushed down with his foot a massive and beautiful silver coffee-pot, engraved with half a dozen quarterings of arms, which, in spite of a remonstrance from me, had been blackening before the fire to keep its contents warm. "Never mind it," he continued, as I in vain put out my hand to save it from falling—"it won't be damaged; it will fetch just as much per ounce; and I really cannot afford to buy an inferior article." Russell's behaviour up to this moment had been rational enough, but at the moment a suspicion crossed my mind that "eccentricity," as applied to his case, might possibly, as in some other cases, be merely an euphemism for something worse. However, I picked up the coffee-pot, and said nothing. "You must think me very strange, Hawthorne; I quite forgot myself at the moment; but if you

choose to be trusted with a secret, which will be no secret long, I will tell you what will perhaps surprise you with regard to my own position, though I really have no right to trouble you with my confidences." I disclaimed any wish to assume the right of inquiring into private matters, but at the same time expressed as I sincerely felt, an interest in what was evidently a weight on my companion's mind. "Well, to say the truth," continued Russell, "I think it will be a relief to me to tell you how I stand. I know that I have often felt of late that I am acting a daily lie here, to all the men about me; passing, doubtless, for a rich man, when in truth, for aught I know, I and all my family are beggars at this moment." He stopped, walked to the window, and returned. "I am surrounded here by luxuries which have little right within a college's walls; I occupy a distinctive position which you and others are supposed not to be able to afford. I never can mix with any of you, without, as it were, carrying with me everywhere the superscription written—'This is a rich man.' And yet with all this outward show, I may be a debtor to your charity for my bread to-morrow. You are astonished, Hawthorne; of course you are. I am not thus playing the hypocrite willingly, believe me. Had I only my own comfort, and my own feelings to consult, I would take my name off the college books to-morrow. How I bear the life I lead, I scarcely know."

"But tell me," said I, "as you have told me so much, what is the secret of all this?"

"I will: I was going to explain. My only motive for concealment, my only reason for even wishing you to keep my counsel, is, because the character and prospects of others are concerned. My father, as I dare say you know, is pretty well known as the head of the firm of Russell and Smith; he passes for a rich man, of course; he *was* a rich man, I believe, once; and I, his only son and heir—brought up as I was to look upon money as a plaything—I was sent to college of course as a gentleman-commoner. I knew nothing, as a lad, of my father's affairs; there were fools enough to tell me he was rich, and that I had nothing to do but to spend his money—and I did spend it—ay, too much of it—yet not so much, perhaps, as I might. Not since I came here, Hawthorne, oh no!—not since I found out that it was neither his nor mine to spend—I have not been so bad as that, thank God. And if ever man could atone, by suffering, for the thoughtlessness and extravagance of early days, I have wellnigh paid my penalty in full already. I told you, I entered here as a gentleman-commoner; my father came down to Oxford with me, chose my rooms, sent down this furniture and these paintings, from town—thank Heaven, I knew not what they cost—ordered a couple of hunters and a groom for me—those I stopped from coming down—and, in fact, made every preparation for me to commence my career with credit as the heir apparent to a large fortune. Some suspicions that all was not right had crossed my mind before; certain conversations between my father and cold-looking men of business, not meant for my ear, and very imperfectly understood—for it appeared to be my father's object to keep me totally ignorant of all the mysteries of banking—an increasing tendency on his part to grumble over petty expenses which implied ready payment, with an ostentatious profusion in show and entertainments—many slight circumstances put together had given me a sort of vague alarm at times, which I shook off, as often as it recurred, like a disagreeable dream. A week after I entered college, a letter from my only sister opened my eyes to the truth. What I had feared was a temporary embarrassment—a disagreeable necessity for retrenchment, or, at the worst, a stoppage of payment, and a respectable bankruptcy, which would injure no one but the creditors. What she spoke of, was absolute ruin, poverty, and what was worse, disgrace. It came upon me very suddenly—but I bore it. I am not going to enter into particulars about family matters to you, Hawthorne—you would not wish it, I know; let me only say, my sister Mary is an angel, and my father a weak-minded man—I will hope, not intentionally a dishonest one. But I have learnt enough to know that there are embarrassments from which he can never extricate himself with honour, and that every month, every week, that he persists in maintaining a useless struggle will only add misery to misery in the end. How long it may go on no one can say—but the end must come. My own first impulse was, of course, to leave this place at once, and so, at all events, to avoid additional expense; but my father would not hear of it. I went to him, told him what I knew, though not how I had heard it, and drew from him a sort of confession that he had made some unfortunate speculations. But 'only let us keep up appearances'—those were his words—a little while, and all would be right again, he assured me. I made no pretence of believing him; but, Hawthorne, when he offered to go on his knees to me—and I his only son—and promised to retrench in every possible method that would not betray his motives, if I would but remain at college to take my degree—to keep up appearances—what could I do?"

"Plainly," said I, "you did right; I do not see that you had any alternative. Nor have you any right to throw away your future prospects. Your father's unfortunate embarrassments are no disgrace to you."

"So said my sister. I knew her advice must be right, and I consented to remain here. You know I lead no life of self-indulgence; and the necessary expenses, even as a gentleman-commoner, are less than you would suppose, unless you had tried matters as closely as I have."

"And with your talents," said I.

"My talents! I am conscious of but one talent at present; the faculty of feeling acutely the miserable position into which I have been forced. No, if you mean that I am to gain any sort of distinction by hard reading, it is simply what I cannot do. Depend upon it, Hawthorne, a man must have a mind tolerably at ease to put forth any mental exertion to good purpose. If this crash were once over, and I were reduced to my proper level in society—which will, I suppose, be pretty nearly that of a pauper—then I think I could work for my bread either with head or hands; but in this wretchedly false position, here I sit bitterly, day after day, with books open before me perhaps, but with no heart to read, and no memory but for one thing. You know my secret now, Hawthorne, and it has been truly a relief to me to unburden my mind to some one here. I am very much alone, indeed; and it is not at all my nature to be solitary; if you will come and see me sometimes, now that you know all, it will be a real kindness. It is no great pleasure, I assure you," he continued, smiling, "to be called odd, and selfish, and stingy, by those of one's own age, as I feel I must be called; but it is much better than to lead the life I might lead—spending money which is not mine, and accustoming myself to luxuries, when I may soon have to depend on charity even for necessities. For my own comfort, it might be better, as I said before, that the crisis came at once; still, if I remain here until I am qualified for some profession, by which I may one day be able to support my sister—that is the hope I feed on—why, then, this sort of existence may be endured."

Russell had at least no reason to complain of having disclosed his mind to a careless listener. I was moved almost to tears at his story; but, stronger than all other feelings, was admiration of his principles and character. I felt that some of us had almost done him irreverence in venturing to discuss him so

lightly as we had often done. How little we know the heart of others, and how readily we prate about "seeing through" a man, when in truth what we see is but a surface, and the image conveyed to our mind from it but the reflection of ourselves!

My intimacy with Russell, so strangely commenced, had thus rapidly and unexpectedly taken the character of that close connection which exists between those who have one secret and engrossing interest confined to themselves alone. We were now more constantly together, perhaps, than any two men in college; and many were the jokes I had to endure in consequence. Very few of my old companions had ventured to carry their attentions to me, while laid up in Russell's rooms, beyond an occasional call at the door to know how I was going on; and when I got back to my old quarters, and had refused one or two invitations on the plea of having Russell coming to spend a quiet evening with me, their astonishment and disgust were expressed pretty unequivocally, and they affected to call us the exclusives. However, Russell was a man who, if he made few friends, gave no excuse for enemies; and, in time, my intimacy with him, and occasional withdrawals from general society in consequence, came to be regarded as a pardonable weakness—unaccountable, but past all help—a subject on which the would-be wisest of my friends shook their heads, and said nothing.

I think this new connection was of advantage to both parties. To myself it certainly was. I date the small gleams of good sense and sober-mindedness which broke in upon my character at that critical period of life, solely from my intercourse with Charles Russell. He, on the other hand, had suffered greatly from the want of that sympathy and support which the strongest mind at times stands as much in need of as the weakest, and which in his peculiar position could only be purchased by an unreserved confidence. From any premeditated explanation he would have shrunk; nor would he ever, as he himself confessed, have made the avowal he did to me, except it had escaped him by a momentary impulse. But, having made it, he seemed a happier man. His reading, which before had been desultory and interrupted, was now taken up in earnest; and, idly inclined as I was myself, I became, with the pseudo sort of generosity not uncommon at that age, so much more anxious for his future success than my own, that, in order to encourage him, I used to go to his rooms to read with him, and we had many a hard morning's work together.

We were very seldom interrupted by visitors: almost the only one was that unknown and unprepossessing friend of Russell's who has been mentioned before—his own contradictory in almost every respect. Very uncouth and dirty-looking he was, and stuttered terribly—rather, it seemed from diffidence than from any natural defect. He showed some surprise on the first two or three occasions in which he encountered me, and made an immediate attempt to back out of the room again; and though Russell invariably recalled him, and showed an evident anxiety to treat him with every consideration, he never appeared at his ease for a moment, and made his escape as soon as possible. Russell always fixed a time for seeing him again—usually the next day; and there was evidently some object in these interviews, into which, as it was no concern of mine, I never inquired particularly, as I had already been intrusted with a confidence rather unusual as the result of a few weeks' acquaintance; and, on the subject of his friend—"poor Smith," as he called him—Russell did not seem disposed to be communicative.—[To be Continued.]

POPULAR FALLACIES.

Popular Fallacies regarding General Interest; being a Translation of the 'Sophismes Economiques.' By M. Frederic Bastiat, Member of the Institute of France. With Notes by G. R. Porter, Esq. Murray.

M. Frederic Bastiat, the Cobden of France, is an enterprising vine-proprietor in the neighbourhood of Bayonne, and a member of the Council of the Landes. On no persons does the system of protection and prohibition established in France press more heavily than on the wine-growers of the Garonne. The high price of iron interferes with their supply of agricultural implements—the difficulty of procuring exchanges restricts the exports of their produce—and the consequent want of demand for their corn and wine prevents the extension of cultivation. These evils have been long felt and often exposed; but the manufacturing interests in the north of France have such influence in the legislative chambers, that they are able to overpower the just demands of the south; and the petitions of the Bordelais for free trade have been answered by the fallacies which M. Bastiat exposes in this little volume. The interest of the work, however, is not confined to France. The sophisms of protection have a dreary sameness in all times and ages. They have been repeated, in nearly the same words and syllables, in contradiction of Pitt's commercial treaty with France, of Huskisson's relaxation of the protective duties on silk, and of Peel's repeal of the corn-laws. In the American Congress, Spanish Cortes, French Chambers, and British Parliament, there has been a sad identity of sophistry in opposition to principles which are, at the same time, admitted to be those of common sense. Feeling that the cause of free trade is universal, M. Bastiat early evinced a deep interest in the English struggle for the emancipation of industry and commerce. He directed the attention of his countrymen to its progress,—by translating some of the best speeches delivered in Covent Garden Theatre and the Free Trade Hall of Manchester, and publishing these under the title of '*Cobden et la Ligue*,' accompanied by an admirable introduction,—well calculated not only to fix the attention of his countrymen, but also to assist in instructing Englishmen in the nature and import of the struggle in which they were engaged.

That struggle is at an end; but the fallacies of protection have not yet disappeared,—nor quite lost their influence. There are, yet, those who require custom-house officers to act the part of a moral police, and save us from the contamination of produce which has been grown in a tainted atmosphere. Differential duties are defended as virtuous protests against criminal institutions; improvements in machinery are condemned as displacing labour,—and, therefore, supposed to restrict the amount of employment. We are so far from having reached the time when 'Economic Sophisms' can safely be regarded as exploded errors, that there are some of them which have not yet been abandoned even by those who rank among the most zealous of free traders.

The first fallacy combated by M. Bastiat is one which, if nakedly stated, must be rejected as a palpable absurdity:—the assertion, viz., that scarcity is better than abundance:—

"Do we not hear it said, every day, 'The foreigner would inundate us with his merchandise!' Therefore abundance is dreaded. Has not M. de Saint Cricq said, 'Production superabounds!' Therefore he fears abundance. Do not workmen break machinery? Therefore they are alarmed at the excess of production, or of abundance. Has not M. Bugeaud pronounced these words, 'Let bread be dear, and the agriculturists will be rich!' But bread can only be dear because it is scarce; therefore M. Bugeaud extols scarcity. Has not M. D'Argout founded an argument against the home cultivation of sugar from

its very abundance? Has he not said the beet-root can never become of much importance—its culture cannot be much extended, since a few *hectares* devoted to it in each department would suffice to provide for the whole consumption of France? Then in his eyes good is in sterility, in scarcity—evil in fertility, in abundance. Do not *La Presse*, *Le Commerce*, and the greater part of the daily papers publish every morning one or more articles to demonstrate to the Chambers and to Government, that it is sound policy to raise legislatively the prices of all things by the operation of tariffs? Do not three powers obey every day this injunction of the periodical press? But tariffs only raise the prices of things because they diminish the quantity offered in the market. Therefore the journals, the Chambers, and the Ministry, put in practice the theory of scarcity, and I was right in saying, that this theory is much more popular than that of abundance."

In England, this fallacy is usually expressed by a single word, "over-production;" and it imposes on men chiefly because the phrase itself limits our attention to a single class—the producers. The more abundant any articles of consumption are, the less will be their price in the market; and hence it is hastily inferred that scarcity benefits the producer. But in this proposition the consumer is left out of the question. If it be for the benefit of the maker of hats that hats should be dear, it is for the benefit of the wearer that they should be cheap. Now, there are more wearers than makers—more consumers than producers,—and it is unjust to bestow an artificial benefit on the few by means of an artificial injury inflicted on the many. M. Bastiat, however, has not completed the exposure of this fallacy:—he might have shown that the injury to the consumer is real, while the benefit to the producer is illusive. High prices are not identical with high profits. In the cotton trade, it is notorious that large profits are made by means of low prices; inasmuch as an aggregate of small gains amounts to a larger sum than a single large gain. The confusion of price with profit was long since exposed by Adam Smith; who showed that profit might be as well raised by lowering the cost of production as by enhancing price. But a system of protection keeps up the cost of production,—and takes as much from the producer himself in one way as it bestows in the other.

Another form of the same fallacy is stated as that which mistakes the obstacle for the object:

"The shipowner draws his profits from the obstacle called *distance*. The agriculturist from that which is called *hunger*. The manufacturer of stuffs from that called *cold*. The instructor lives upon *ignorance*, the jeweller upon *vanity*, the advocate upon *cupidity*, the attorney upon the possible *bad faith*, as the physician upon the *maladies* of men. It is thus quite true that each profession has an immediate interest in the continuation, and even in the aggravation, of the special obstacle which forms the object of its exertions."

This is the fallacy which is ordinarily urged against improvements in machinery. These diminished the obstacle,—but set labour free to encounter some other obstacle. Humanity is, thus, freed from two obstacles by the same amount of labour which, but for the mechanical invention, would have destroyed only one. Labour is not an *ends*, but a *means*. The despot who erected the pyramids of Egypt was not a benefactor, economically speaking, to humanity, because he gave a vast amount of employment to labourers and masons: on the contrary, he was guilty of a waste of labour, and dissipated the means by which the obstacles to human happiness are removed. The invention of the Printing Press put an end to the labour of the copyists,—but did not diminish the amount of employment; for the copyists sought, and found, other labours, which they could not have grappled with so long as they were exclusively occupied with the pen. The universal inclination of men, individually, is to produce the greatest possible result with the least possible effort; because the individual knows that it is the result, not the effort, which constitutes his wealth. But the opponents of machinery adopt the opposite principle; and, as M. Bastiat justly remarks, the *beau idéal* of their system would be the sterile efforts of Sisyphus.

A very common fallacy urged in favour of the protective system is, that the conditions of production are more favourable in some countries than in others; and that the less favoured country should impose protective duties for the purpose of equalizing these conditions. In the debate on the Articles of Union between England and Ireland, we find the late Mr. Wilberforce predicting ruin to the woollen manufacturers of the former country because of the superior cheapness of labour in the latter; and the leading members of the Irish Parliament declaring that all the manufactures of their country would be ruined on account of the superiority of the English in capital and machinery. Protective duties were, consequently, sought on both sides of the water; and a separation by hostile tariffs was said to be a first principle of union. M. Bastiat shows, very clearly, that we do not, by protective duties, equalize the conditions of production; what we do equalize are, the conditions of sale,—which is a very different matter:—

"Assume that the idea came into the head of some Parisian speculators to devote themselves to the production of oranges. They know that the oranges of Portugal can be sold at Paris for ten *centimes* the orange, while they, on account of the boxes and conservatories, &c., which will be necessary for their growth and preservation, on account of the cold which is often adverse to their culture, would not be able to charge less than a franc per orange as a remunerative price. They therefore require that the oranges of Portugal may be charged with a duty of ninety centimes. By means of this duty the conditions of production, say they, will be equalized; and the Chamber, yielding, as usual to this reasoning, inscribes upon its tariff a duty of 90 centimes each on foreign oranges. Well! I say that the conditions of production are not in any way changed. The law has not deprived the sun of Lisbon of heat, nor Paris of the frequency and intensity of its frosts. The orange will continue to be naturally ripened upon the banks of the Tagus, and artificially upon the banks of the Seine; that is to say, its growth will require much more human labour in the one country than in the other. That which will be equalized are the conditions of sale. The Portuguese will have to sell their oranges for a franc per orange, ninety centimes of which will go to pay the duty. Evidently this tax will be paid by the French consumer;—and observe the whimsicality of the result. Upon each Portuguese orange consumed, the country will lose nothing,—for the ninety centimes more paid for it by the consumer will enter into the Treasury. There will be a displacement, but no loss. But upon each French orange consumed there will be ninety centimes loss, or nearly so,—for the buyer will lose them most certainly, and the seller will also as certainly not gain them, since, from the hypothesis, he will only obtain for the orange a remunerative price. I leave to the Protectionists the task of drawing the conclusion."

Yet this sophism of the inequality of the conditions of production has found advocates in quarters where such error was not to be expected. In the early stage of the Anti-Corn Law League, several of the Manchester manufacturers advocated the repeal of the Corn Laws on the ground that the high price of food

in England raised the rate of wages above the continental level,—and thus increased the cost of their productions. They were, thus, themselves the authors of that imaginary connexion between cheap bread and low wages which subsequently proved the greatest stumbling block in the way of reform. The error arose from their looking to production, instead of consumption, as the final cause of economic phenomena. This gave an aspect of selfishness to the movement. It was considered to be a question merely between manufacturers and landowners. It was only after the removal of the League to London, when the principles of the question became more thoroughly discussed, that it reached the true grounds,—that the abolition of the protective system was necessary 'if the trade of this country be ever to rest on a permanent basis, and avoid those ruinous fluctuations to which of late years it has so often been subjected.'

A very popular form of this fallacy is, that protection is necessary in order 'to compensate for the heavy amount of taxation to which production is subjected in this country.' M. Bastiat replies,—

"In the first case, to say that taxes place the country that pays them in a more unfavourable condition for production, than that which is free from them is a sophism. We pay twenty millions of francs, it is true, for justice and police; but we have justice and police, the security which they afford us, the time they save us; and it is very probable that production is neither easier nor more active among people, if there be any such, where each takes the law into his own hands. I grant that we pay several hundred millions of francs for roads, bridges, harbours, railroads; but then we possess these railroads, these harbours, these bridges, these roads,—and unless it should be asserted, that it is a bad speculation to establish them, nobody can say that they render us inferior to those people who have not, it is true, to provide for the budget of public works, but who likewise have no public works. And this explains why, while we accuse our taxes of being a cause of our industrial inferiority, we direct our tariffs precisely against those nations which are the most heavily taxed. It is that the taxes, well employed, far from deteriorating, have ameliorated, the means of production of these people. Thence we always arrive at this conclusion, that, the sophisms of the Protectionists are not only wide of the truth, but, on the contrary, are the very antipodes to the truth. As to those taxes which are unproductive, abolish them if you can; but it is the strangest way that can be imagined of neutralizing their efforts, to add private taxes to public. Many thanks for the compensation! The State has taxed us too heavily you say. Well, that is another reason why we should not tax one another still more! A protective duty is a tax directed against a foreign product,—but let us never forget that it falls upon the home consumer. Now, the consumer is a tax-payer. And is it not pleasant language to address him in these terms: 'Because the taxes are heavy, we raise the price of everything for you; because the State abstracts a part of your revenue, we will give up another part to monopoly!'"

A clever exposure of the protective principles is contained in the following:—*Petition of the Tallow and Wax Chandlers, the Manufacturers of Lamps, Chandeliers, Reflectors, Snuffers, Extinguishers, of the Dealers in Tallow, Oil, Resin, Spirits, and generally in all Articles used for Illuminating.*

"To the Members of the Chamber of Deputies:

"Gentlemen,—You are following a good course. You reject abstract theories, you are little interested in abundance or cheapness. Your cares are chiefly engrossed in the condition of the producer. You wish to guarantee him from foreign competition. In short, you wish the national market to be supplied by national labour. We are about to offer you an admirable opportunity of applying your,—what shall we say?—theory? no, nothing is more deceitful than theory.—Your doctrines!—Your system!—Your principles!—But you dislike doctrines, you have a horror of systems, and as to principles, you declare that there are none in social economy,—we will therefore say your practice, your practice without theory and without principle. We are suffering from the intolerable competition of a foreign rival, who is placed, as it seems to us, in a condition so infinitely superior to ours for the production of light, that he inundates our national market at a marvellously reduced price; for as soon as he shows himself, our sale ceases, all consumers apply to him, and a branch of French industry, of which the ramifications are innumerable, is immediately thrown into a state of complete stagnation. This rival, who is no other than the Sun, wages such furious warfare against us, that we suspect he is incited by 'perfidious Albion' (good diplomacy as times go), inasmuch as he shows towards that haughty island a consideration which he withholds from us. We pray that you will be pleased to make a law ordering that all windows, skylights, inside and outside shutters, curtains, fan-lights, bulls'-eyes, carriage blinds, in short, that all openings, holes, chinks, and crevices should be closed, by which the light of the sun can penetrate into houses, to the injury of the flourishing trades with which we have endowed our country, which cannot now, without ingratitude, abandon us to so unequal a contest. Be pleased, gentlemen, not to mistake our demand for satire, and at least not to refuse it without listening to the arguments which we bring forward to support it. In the first place, if you shut out as much as possible all access to natural light, if you thus create the necessity for artificial light, what French industry exists which will not in some measure be encouraged? If more tallow is consumed, more oxen and sheep must be raised, and in consequence, more meadows will be cultivated, there will be more meat, more wool, more hides, and above all more manure, which is the foundation of all agricultural riches. If more oil is consumed, the culture of the poppy, the olive, and rapeseed will be extended. These rich and exhausting plants will profit by the fertility which the raising of cattle will have communicated to our soil. Our lands will be covered with resinous trees: Innumerable swarms of bees will gather from our mountains the perfumed treasures which now exhale, without utility, like the flowers from which they emanate. There is not a branch of agriculture which will not be greatly extended. The same results will follow to our navigation: thousands of vessels will be engaged in whale fishing, and in a short time, we shall have a marine capable of upholding the honour of France, and of satisfying the patriotic susceptibility of the undersigned petitioners, candle-makers, &c. And farther, in articles of Parisian manufacture. Consider how many gilt, bronze and glass chandeliers, lamps, lustres, and candelabras, must burn in the spacious warehouses which will then take the place of our present shops. There will be no one, from the poor collector of turpentine on the summit of his mountain, to the unfortunate miner at the bottom of the coal-pit, whose wages will not be increased, and whose condition will not be improved. Consider the matter, gentlemen, and you must be convinced that there will be scarcely a Frenchman from the most opulent shareholder of Anzin to the most humble matchseller in the kingdom, whose condition will not be ameliorated through the success of our petition."

"God preserve us," said Paul Louis, "from the evil spirit and from metaphors!" There appears to be a natural antagonism between the figures of speech and the figures of arithmetic. People will not endure to have the fraternity of nations based on vile and prosaic interest, with its material bonds of mutual exchange; they must have something poetic and spiritual—some mysterious system of

charity—some mystic principles of love, strengthened and purified by self-sacrifice. To some such ideality we must attribute the following fallacy:—

"Among the arguments brought in favour of the restrictive system, we must not omit that of *national independence*. 'What should we do in case of war,' we cry, 'if we depended upon England for iron and coal?' And the English monopolists on their side exclaim: 'What would become of Great Britain in time of war, if she depended on France for her food?' We do not consider one thing, which is, that the sort of dependence which arises from exchanges, from commercial transactions, is a *reciprocal* dependence. We cannot depend on foreigners without foreigners depending on us. Now this is the very essence of *society*. To break the natural relations is not to place ourselves in a state of independence, but in a state of isolation. But observe well, we isolate ourselves from the fear of war, while the mere act of isolation is the beginning of war. It makes war more easy, less onerous, and consequently less unpopular. If nations offered to each other permanent markets, if their intercourse could not be interrupted without bringing the double infliction of privation and embarrassment, they would no longer have occasion for those immense armies which crush them."

This bugbear of 'dependence on foreigners' has been so often brought before us, that we may be permitted to add a few words on the subject. The simple truth is, that mutual dependence is the first element of civilization; and that isolated independence is nothing better than barbarism. All commerce ultimately resolves itself into barter. If we refuse to depend upon foreigners as producers, we must consent to forego dependence on them as consumers—and set ourselves to the solution of Bishop Berkeley's problem, 'Whether it is possible that an insular empire could flourish, if a wall of brass were erected round the island?' The restrictive system must support the affirmative of this question, or it is worth nothing. A very little thought will convince anybody that the prosperity of England mainly results from her dependence upon foreigners. It is because foreigners consume calicoes that the land of the Forest of Rossendale has increased 41,000 per cent. in value since the reign of James I. It is because we depend upon foreigners for raw materials, that Liverpool has grown from an insignificant village into a modern Tyre; and that Birkenhead has sprung into existence as wondrously as the palace produced by the fabled lamp of Aladdin. Dependence on foreigners has excavated the docks of London, and raised its magnificent stores and warehouses. In fact, what Protection menaces as an evil, Common Sense hails as a blessing. The essence of the restrictive system is, to make us pay dearly for the privilege of being impoverished; and it is maintained by sophistry, because brute force is no longer applicable. M. Bastiat justly adds, that its existence can only be prolonged until the people, the consumers, become the wiser, as well as the stronger, party:—and his little work is likely to have a very powerful effect in bringing about so desirable a consummation.

THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

It was a calm, clear winter's night in 18—, that Bogee and myself crossed the ferry into Brooklyn, with the intention of going on board the receiving-ship, where we were domiciliated at that time. We had just left a dinner-party at the old City-Hotel, where there had been something more than a moderate quantity of wine drank, and quite a number of the convivialists left under the table. Among our party were Cottrel, Bogee and your humble servant. The former got into one of his obstinate fits, and would not accompany us; so we were obliged to leave him.

The moonlight was shining upon the beaten snow, and the intense cold caused our ears and noses to tingle again, as we walked toward the yard. Going at a brisk pace we soon came in sight of the gate, having reached that delectable portion of Brooklyn which is known to the naval world under the title of "Irish Town."

"Deuced lucky for us, is n't it, Squilgee, that there is no seven-bell regulation on board the Guardo! I often feel a wish to have myself called of a morning, for no other reason but to vent my spleen against the intruder on my repose; to ask him how he *dare* disturb a gentleman at such an unseasonable hour; to curse him heartily, and end by ejecting him; not forcibly, for that would require me to leave my warm bed, a thing not to be done for a light cause on these cold mornings; but I would most vehemently threaten to do so." "You are thinking of old 'Jingle' and his rules," said I, laughing; "there was no laying-in after hours on board the Panther. However, let us make the most of our immunities, for this night at least. It must be nearly morning, and there is rather too much dissipation in the idea of playing the owl for two nights in succession. The Colonel and his party may find their prospect of a bed in the city a bad one; it is later than we any of us thought for."

"What a good joke if they should have their walk for nothing, and be obliged to return, after all! What's the countersign?"

"Hanged if I know! Have n't you got it?"

"I! No; that confounded fellow Cottrel went for it to the first Luff, and—him! he has forgotten to give it to us. Little has he to care, however, for I suppose that by this time he is warm in bed at the 'City.' Lord, Squilgee! how my teeth chatter! What shall we do, now? We can't climb the wall, can we?"

"I had rather not run the risk to-night, for to tell the truth, my breeches are so infernally tight that it would be a clew-up and a furl with them if I were to make the attempt. We had better turn back and try to get into some tavern."

"I am decidedly for sealing the battlements, breeches or no breeches!" said Bogee, merrily. "You may go back, if you like; but I go over the wall—that's certain! You had better try it too, man. I know an excellent point for an escalade, at the long shed. There is no sentry posted in that neighbourhood; the coast is all clear, and there is a good coal-fire and a comfortable cot awaiting you on board the Guardo. Come on, man!—only think what an uncomfortable walk you'll have down this dreary street! Come on! Sacrifice your unmentionables to your comfort."

"Really, Bogee, I do not feel myself competent to the attempt. You seek your lodgings after your plan, and I after mine. Good night!"

"Well, an obstinate man must have his way. A fine laugh we'll have at you though, when you come wading through the drift to the ship! Good night!"

Bogee walked briskly off for the scene of his intended exploit, and I turned to retrace the dreary road we had just travelled so bootlessly, cursing the carelessness we had exhibited, for both of us knew the utter hopelessness of gaining admission into the Navy-Yard without the "open sesame." The jingling of the sleigh-bells had long ceased; a few dark, dirty-looking houses gloomed at intervals along the unlighted way; and an old starved horse was the only living creature visible in the whole route. Presently, however, I heard some one talking behind me; and looking back, I discovered a solitary individual emerging from a cross-road into the street. A second look told me it was Cot-

trell; and as there was no one with him, I at once concluded that the wine he had drunk was at work within him, and that he was conversing with himself for want of better company. He paid no attention to me; but seeing the half-dead horse I had passed, walked up to him with an air of no small concern. "Ah! old fellow!" said he, "you have no doubt been toiling all day in harness, dragging the bloody meat of some equally bloody butcher, or the flour-covered bread of some floury baker; or perhaps you have been carting oysters from the ferry to glut the palates of greedy epicures? A milkman's horse you are not, for they are sleek and well-fed; at all events, you are *somebody's* horse; that I think even *you* will not dispute, indignant as you must feel at the man who, after working you all day, has turned you loose at evening, 'all alone for to die!'"

This last part he sang in a regular 'forecastle whine; then seizing the unresisting animal by the mane, he continued: "But droop not, old friend!—here is one who will devote himself to your comfort, hoping thereby to deface from your memory the many wrongs his race have rendered to yours. I will be your friend; you shan't suffer any longer, old fellow! You shall go with me; you shall have lodging, food, raiment and a coal-fire. I'll stick to you like a brother, my old friend! Come with me. Ay, splash away—I will not be angry; but—*you!* don't tread on my toes! So, come on; forgive my harshness; 'forget and forgive!'"

"Who comes there?" shouted the sentry at the gate.

"Friend and company," was Cottrel's reply.

"Stand, company! Advance friend, and give the countersign!"

"One moment, my dear friend," said Cottrel, apologetically, to his four-legged companion; and then advancing, gave the countersign, "*Charity*," so loud that it reached my ears.

"Countersign's correct; pass 'friend and company,'" said the sentry, coming to a stiff shoulder-arms; and the lamp-light showed that he did not move a muscle of his countenance as the singularly-assorted pair entered the gate and passed on; Cottrel saying to the horse, "'Charity,' you see, is the order of the day here; 'Charity' lets you in at the gate, and 'Charity' shall furnish you with a bottle of ale and a cold collation."

I immediately used the countersign thus oddly thrown in my way, and passing by the building in which were temporarily situated the office of the Commodore and an apartment used by the officer of the guard, (who was then in bed in a room above,) I perceived that Cottrel had taken the liberty of entertaining his company in the latter, having no doubt chosen it from an idea of the difficulty of taking his friend over a frigate's gang-way; beside which, the remains of a coal-fire was burning in the grate, and Cottrel appeared by his subsequent movements to know of several other advantages which this place possessed for the accommodation of the distinguished stranger: for after replenishing the fire, he produced a candle, and lighting it, went to a small closet and brought forth a loaf of bread, a bottle containing some drinkable or other, several "cold cuts," and a large boiled lobster; the neglected lunch of the rightful proprietor of the place. The horse stared sleepily at the light, yet with no signs of dissatisfaction; he seemed rather to be well pleased with so very superior a specimen of stabling. Cottrel gave him a huge slice of bread, which he munched with infinite gusto.

"Humph! how d'ye like it, old boy? Isn't it prime? Do you use butter? Sherry or Madeira? Immaterial, eh? Well enough that it is so, too, for devil the taste of either has old Shakings got here; but here's brandy; a small touch of that won't hurt you after your walk. By-the-by, you must be cold there about your quarter-galleries, for I see you can't get in, altogether; you ain't good stowage, my friend; but here, *this* will serve your turn." And as he spoke, he took down the watch-officer's cloak and placed it gently on the hinder-extremities of his quadrupedal guest. There was a split in the back part of the garment, as was the fashion at that time; and through this—the dorsal termination of the animal protruded, and thus supported it in its place.

"All comfortable and snug now! Take a lobster! No dressing, though; you must excuse that, my dear Bucephalus. Cut of veal, eh! Here's more bread. Well done! By the ugly phiz on the Jezabel's cat-head!" he exclaimed, in great glee, as the starved creature devoured whatever was handed him; "who'll say you have n't a taste for dainties as well as a human?"

The harangue was cut short; for the incautious tone which Cottrel had by this time assumed, together with the stamping of his four-legged friend, who liking the treatment he was meeting with began to make himself quite at home, had the effect of breaking the deep slumbers of the tired watch-officer, who was heard hastily descending the stair-case. His head peered through one door at the same instant that Cottrel, having extinguished the light at the first alarm, made his exit through the other, between the legs of the horse.

"Who's this!—the devil!—hell-o!—what does this mean!" shouted the officer; "get out, you—rascal!—out with you!" Then came a sound as of a chair in the act of being broken over some object of tolerable solidity; the heavy irregular stamp of the horse, as he endeavored to back out of the presence, "*selon les regles de cour*;" and presently Cottrel's late guest made his appearance, flying toward the gate with the watch-cloak dangling about his heels. Not caring to be identified in any manner with the affair, I hurried on board, expecting to meet the triumphant Bogee, but his cot was empty, and he was not in the ward-room which we then occupied as our berth. Cottrel came on board just as I was addressing myself to sleep, and made directly up to me, as I had left a light on a camp-stool near the head of my cot, for the convenience of blowing out.

"Well, Squilgee, my man, just turned in? I thought you were fast long ago in the arms of Murphy, as the Irish mate used to say, on board the Bull-Dog."

"But what's the matter with you?" I asked; "you look confoundedly out of sorts. Colonel——thought you were going over to the city to sleep."

"Yes, but you see I met with a friend, got into a scrape on his account, and had to run for it; so, as you may perceive with half an eye, here I am."

"I wanted sleep too much to encourage Cottrel's conversational powers by explaining how much I had seen, and was therefore silent on the subject. I slept until nearly eleven the next day, notwithstanding the sky-larking of some twenty midshipmen who had been up in the ward-room two or three hours before, and who, as all first lieutenants in the service will bear me witness, are not the most quiet set of young gentlemen in the world. At the moment I awoke they were around Bogee, and commenting on a narrative he was giving, by immoderate fits of laughter. As soon as I was dressed I joined the group."

"Avoid thee!" exclaimed Bogee, as I approached, "thou base deserter of thy comrade in the hour of trial!"

"At all events," said I, "I reached the rendezvous before you; but in what particular way did you amuse yourself among the snow drifts last night?"

"I am thinking that I was rather more amusing than amused," he replied. In fact, it came near being anything but an amusing matter to my old shipmate; and nothing, to use his own paraphrase of Dibdin's words, but 'the sweet little

cherub that sits up aloft, to keep watch on the fate of 'bad reefers,' saved him from being reported to the Department. It seemed that after leaving me he made directly for the 'excellent point for an escalade' which he mentioned. All was quiet when he reached it; and without farther ado he mounted the 'long shed,' and was proceeding exultingly to the 'consummation' of a warm bed, 'so devoutly to be wished' for in his case, when the measured tramp of the 'relief' was heard, apparently approaching that part of the yard. 'Strange, too, thought Bogee; but lie low; they'll be past in a moment.' The fates were against him in this particular, however, for to his utter horror and surprise, a voice directly under where he was coughing gave the challenge and was answered by the relief. A sentry had been but that day posted there. The new man was left to walk his weary round, and the one relieved was marched off on an airy promenade around the yard for the purpose of picking up others who like himself were to be 'relieved.'

"Excellent! beautiful! fine!" internally ejaculated the mid., intending thereby to be sarcastic with himself for his want of foresight; "but 'faint heart never won fair lady,' and if I give up, may I be —!" He thought too of the laugh that would be had at his expense, and this determined him to get into yard, sentry or no sentry. Creeping cautiously to the edge of the shed, he looked down upon the unconscious soldier. The relief was out of sight; there was not a sound to be heard except the footsteps of the man beneath him; who for his part, as he walked to and fro in the moonlight, little thinking that there was any human eye upon him, cut up a variety of diverting antics. He would hum a short tune, or whistle a stave, and anon would break into a regular shuffle; then he amused himself by kicking the little clumps of snow from his path, in the most disdainful manner; then he would stretch himself with a yawn, and sigh, and effect the most singular contortion of his limbs. At last he leaned his musket against the building, and using his arms as the fabled phoenix was supposed to use her wings, endeavoured to infuse warmth into his body. "Oh!" thought Bogee, "if I could but reach that musket!" The musket was out of his reach, however, and the sentry soon resumed it. He thought at first of giving him a trial of the supernatural; but a moment's reflection told him that playing the ghost would bring matters to a crisis just as probable to take a turn against him as in his favor; it would depend altogether on the amount of superstition with which his intended subject might be endowed, and would be certain to call attention to himself; which, if his attempt failed, would as surely defeat farther proceedings. By this time the marine had begun his regular pace, taking the whole length of the shed in his walk. Now at one end of this shed was a tree growing in the yard, but partly concealed by the building, against and over which grew some of its branches. By means of this tree Bogee had proposed to reach the ground inside; for the shed, although low on the outside, and easily mounted by means of small buildings and fences placed against it, presented in front an elevation of some twenty-five feet, exposed to the view of the sentinel, and possessed of no convenience for descending. He determined to watch his opportunity, when the man was at the opposite end, and then getting down, run along the wall which for some distance was screened by the projection. If he escaped the notice of the sentry at the first turn, he was quite certain of making good his undertaking; for a short run would bring him to a set of sheds and the shiphouses, entirely clear of all questions. Accordingly, rolling over and over, in order to avoid the creaking of the snow under his foot-steps, and to prevent his shadow from being seen on the ground underneath, he at length reached the desired spot, just as the marine turned to retrace his steps from the same point. "Now or never!" said he; and holding on to the branches, he swung into the body of the tree and commenced his descent, "bear fashion." "Hurrah!" said he to himself; "here goes by the run, like a spunker out-haul in a squall!" and he was slipping down with no easy velocity, when a dry limb, the presence of which he had not observed, or had forgotten, brought him up with a crash.

"Who comes there!" shouted the sentry, running to the spot and placing his shining bayonet in close proximity with that portion of the human person which touches the chair when in a sitting posture.

"Officer," returned the 'treed' individual, hugging the tree, and looking down as well as he could, to ascertain the situation of matters.

"Advance, officer, and give the countersign!"

"Well, take your infernal bayonet from under me, and I will advance; but really, the countersign is one of those few things in the way of information which I regret to say I can't impart to you."

"You see, I thought that by a little coolness and what is termed in the vernacular 'high dick,' it was possible for me to get off; meanwhile I was hugging the tree bear fashion. The sentry seemed to have a proper conception of my condition, and to be aware that one could not consistently, at least not comfortably, descend while his bayonet held that relative position in regard to one's body; so he withdrew a short distance, keeping his musket at a charge. As soon as the ground was reached, 'Sentry,' said I, 'how late is it?' 'About three, Sir,' he replied. 'Cold.' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Which do you think is the shortest way to the Guardo?' 'That way, down by the office; but I can't let you go till the relief comes round, Sir.' 'The d—l you can't! I'm going to my own ship, and I'm inside the yard.' 'Yes, Sir; but I saw you up in the tree.' 'Poh! that be shot! I was only roosting there.' 'Ah! well, Sir; in course you have a right to roost where you please; but really I don't think you could have been very comfortable, playing fowl up there of a cold night like this.' 'Oh! yes, very; I like it for the air. Sentry, good night, and be more particular in future about your dancing.' 'Ho! ho! ho!—ha! ha! ha! Good night, Sir!' "And thus," said Bogee, "I got off, though I have scarcely told you half that occurred 'for reasons why.' "Squillgee" adds in a note to the foregoing: "It is to be borne in mind, that frolics such as are here described are of a rare occurrence now. A different tone prevails in the service at the present day. Those I have attempted to figure forth 'came off,' like 'the days when we went blackberrying, a long time ago.'—*Adventures &c. of Squillgee, and Shipmates.*

MR. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Shores of the Mediterranean, with Sketches of Travel. By Francis Schroeder, Secretary to the Commodore commanding the United States Squadron in that Sea. 2 vols. J. Murray.

We shall be satisfied with one extract to bring upon the stage a man with whom the British public were familiar, and of whom, we think, they will be gratified, as we have been, to hear so good an account. We allude to John Howard Payne, at Tunis.

The day after we arrived (says Mr. Schroeder) we had a visit from the American consul, Mr. John Howard Payne; a gentleman distinguished in many ways, and in my eyes more particularly as the author of 'Home, sweet Home,' &c. nothing of the play of 'Brutus.' Our quarantine-flag of course pre-

vented his coming on board, so that the conversation with the commodore was held over the ship's side. His boat was well manned with Moors, and he wore the American ensign, of course, on the flag-staff. He was attended by a German friend and one janizary, but I immediately recognized the consul himself in his brilliant uniform. I met him afterwards at a sort of parlitorio at the quarantine station at Goletta, and have rarely been so propitiously received. I should call him a man of fifty, and you would scarcely recognize the Master Boy whom I have heard you so often speak of with delightful recollection. His countenance is expressive of the kindest impulses, as well as a high degree of intellect; his voice is musical: his enunciation and address prepossessing in the extreme; and it was apparent that his satisfaction on seeing countrymen was cordial and sincere. Evidently upon hospitable thoughts intent, he disclosed delightful plans for our comfort and amusement when out of prison [i. e. quarantine]; his house is to be at our disposal, and he insists upon every possible guest who can be spared from the ship. So, you see, we have pleasant anticipations."

Their fruition is thus painted:

"We debarked at a long quay which extends into the shallow lake, and found ourselves in the hands of the consul's janizary, a stout Moor in picturesque guise and arms, who conducted us about a mile into the city, under a sun worse than Syrian. An American flag of tremendous proportions, and of the richest silky material, waved lazily over a lofty terrace; and, apart from all cant, there is positively something warming and cheering in the sight of 'yonder bit of striped bunting.' We passed through narrow passage-ways between high walls, and arriving at a handsome porte cochere, we were received with great civility by the servants, who informed us the consul, unavoidably occupied at present, would soon return to welcome us in person. We mounted a marble stairway to an enclosed court paved with checkered marble, and communicating on all sides with half a dozen handsome apartments of the same cool construction and paving. The house, not quite finished however, is the property of the dey, who lodges his foreign consuls handsomely, certainly, but is by no means a liberal or accommodating landlord in 'considerations.' * * * Ottomans, lounges, and comfortable bedsteads were divided among the rooms, and without preface we entered upon siesta and other refreshing operations. Mr. Payne soon after arrived, and I wish I could convey to you the positive pleasure with which his eye kindled as he welcomed countrymen to his hospitable abode. At two o'clock, after much agreeable conversation, I heard a little commotion among three or four fancy-dressed blackamoors, who were marshalled under the direction of an Italian chief servant; whispers of a *dejeuner a la fourchette* came eloquently upon the zephyrs, and fragrant avant-couriers of savory viands stole through the folds of the door curtains. Mr. Payne has a very comfortable establishment; the furniture is all from friendly France, but the taste and arrangements are of one of a more comfort-understanding race. A library of a thousand or twelve hundred volumes in handsome cases, in a charming room, garnished with deep morocco chairs, and cool shading jealousies. The books, chiefly English, are admirably selected for refined studies and pastimes. Hand-colored prints are framed and hung upon the walls, and among them a portrait of Kean as Brutus—the consul's Brutus. The *dejeuner* was very agreeable, and we were a merry patriotic party. We afterward set out for a ramble through Tunis, parts of which are better built than any Oriental city I have seen, although other parts exceed in all horrors all imaginable things. The population is about 120,000 people, and the antiquity of Tunis is earlier than the foundation of Carthage; 850 years before Christ. There are some fine things in the modern city, but I should think it must be miserably unhealthy, from the want of proper drainage and sewers. The evening exhalations I found intolerable; and I passed a perfectly sleepless night, simply because I unwisely left open my windows; closing them at midnight made no remedy, for the mischief was done."

After describing some guests he met at the consul's table, the author adds:

"I think the history of our host, also, scarcely decreased the variety of character present. He has seen great varieties of life, and met with many distinguished people, of whom he is full of anecdote. It is much to be hoped that a plan he has had in idea (I am told), of presenting the world with some reminiscences of his life, may not be abandoned. He certainly might interest readers, very strongly with some of the narratives which he sketched in conversation with me. It is delightful to see a man, after years of toil and privation, retain so much enthusiasm, and generosity, and love of his kind. He is as young in heart and feeling as in the brightest summer-day in life."

The whole work is written in an enthusiastic vein, and a pic-nic on the ruins of Carthage closes the drama with *eclat*.

THE LATE DUC DE TREVISO.

DID HE SERVE HIS APPRENTICESHIP IN MANCHESTER.

In that amusing book, Gardiner's "Music and Friends," we find the following notice of General Mortier, afterwards Duc de Treviso, who was killed by Fieschi's infernal machine, in July, 1835. Mr. Gardiner visited Paris in July, 1802, and says:—

"One of my first objects in Paris was to be present at the *fete* on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the revolution, and for this purpose my friend Mr. Cape procured me a letter of introduction to General Mortier from Mr. Silvester, of Manchester, with whom Mortier had served his clerkship as a merchant. On my arrival I found the general was commander of the city, residing at the *Etat Major*, what we should call the Horse Guards of Paris. * * * I had received a note from General Mortier, afterwards Duke of Treviso, to dine with him and bring my friend. This was very agreeable to me, as Mr. Fichet spoke the language like a native. My friend was overjoyed at the thoughts of this visit, and was in a hundred perplexities how he should dress for the occasion. The first article laid out was an embroidered shirt that cost twelve guineas, with loads of rings, chains, and trinkets. When attired I confess we did not look as if we belonged to the same species. Having driven to the *Etat Major*, we were received by a file of soldiers at the gate, who presented arms. We were ushered into the drawing room, and introduced to the general, to Madame Mortier, another lady, and the general officers, Menou, Soult, and Lefebvre. The coats of these warriors were covered with gold upon the arms from the shoulder to the wrist; you could scarcely see the scarlet cloth for oak-leaves and acorns wrought in gold. When we had sat down to dinner I noticed two vacant places at table, which were soon filled up by the serjeant and corporal upon guard, who had just received us at the door. This was one of the outward signs of liberty and equality; they behaved well, and retired just before the dessert was brought in. We had an elegant dinner; some things surprised me—the eating of ripe melon to boiled beef, and drinking sixteen sorts of wine at dinner. A fine embroidered *garcon* was incessantly bawling in my ear some new sort he had upon his tray. I satisfied him by tasting all, and it was well I did so, for you get no wine afterwards. My friend was the admiration of the ladies, and had the whole of their conversation, a sort of small talk in which he greatly excelled. For

my part, I was compelled to be silent, not having that enviable fluency; and my taciturnity excited the attention of Menou, who asked me 'what the English thought of the French?' Mortier, who spoke our language perfectly, was kind enough to be my interpreter, and I replied, 'We thought them a fine gallant nation, great in science and in arms.' This produced a smile of satisfaction, and was probably the first sentiment of the kind they had heard from an Englishman. 'We have the same opinion of you,' replied the Egyptian general; 'you are as great upon sea as we are upon land. What folly is this fighting! Could we but agree, the world might be at peace; England and France could govern Europe. What do you think of the consul?' continued he. 'Why we think him rather an ambitious gentleman; we have a notion that he will not long be satisfied with being prime consul; and, if you wish for my private opinion, I think shortly he will make himself king!' The general turned round with a supercilious smile, and addressing himself to the company, said the credulity of the English was a proverb all over Europe."

In a note, Mr. Gardiner adds—"Since I wrote the above, the appalling news arrived of the death of my friend the Duke of Treviso, by the explosion of a second infernal machine, in Paris, July 28th, 1835. As the king and the court were going to celebrate the anniversary of the three days of the last revolution, and the cortege was passing by the Boulevard du Temple, opposite the Jardin Turc, a machine, composed of twenty five guns, was fired out of a window at the king: one ball struck the king's arm, and glanced on his horse's neck; Mortier, who was just behind, was shot through the heart; five other general officers were killed, and five more wounded, besides many persons in the crowd. Reports of intended attempts on the king's life had been current for several days, and his family would have induced him not to attend the review, when the duke (who was nearly seven feet high) made the following reply:—'No, no; I must go, for I am tall, and may perhaps shield the king.' Fieschi, the assassin, was immediately taken."

Now there would seem to be no doubt from the above, that the unfortunate duke had served a clerkship with Mr. Silvester, who, in 1802, was a Manchester merchant. In the Manchester Directory for 1804, we find a firm of "Silvesters and Co. merchants and manufacturers, Cannon-street," and also "John Silvester, Esq. merchant, house, top of market-street Lane,"—in all probability the head of the firm. We have also some remembrance of a Colonel Silvester (of the militia), who was a retired merchant. In 1813, the place of business of the firm, then "merchants and manufacturers," was 3, Mosley-street; and the residence of Mr. Silvester was in Piccadilly. The names of the firm and the individual are not to be found in the Directory of 1829. But it is possible that something may be known as to the fact whether General Mortier, Duke of Treviso, ever formed one of that large and respectable class, the mercantile clerks of Manchester. Can the "oldest inhabitant," or any Sexagenarian conversant with Old Manchester and its mercantile community, enlighten us on this point?

A DREAM THAT WAS NOT ALL A DREAM.

A TRUE YARN OF THE MEXICAN COAST.

In 1834, when I was yet a youngster before the mast, I took a trip to Tampico in a little trading schooner called 'The Ella,' commanded by a jolly skipper from Florida, one Mat Marin, a dark-skinned Spanish creole, who 'for short' was by his friends always termed 'Nig.' The schooner generally carried out dry-goods and provisions on her owners' account; but I always had an idea, (which I kept to myself,) that she 'tonned' more than her register made her responsible for, and that her hold always contained more goods than could be found on her manifest.

But to return. We were only nine days on our run from New York out to the mouth of Tampico river; and about noon on the tenth day we stretched in over the bar, with a leading wind, that would easily have carried us with a flowing sheet up to the town, which was nearly twelve miles above; but for reasons best known to himself, the captain anchored as soon as we passed the fort and rounded Point Tanupeco, just above and out of reach of its guns. The revenue-boat from the *guarda-costa* came on board before our sails were furled, and the custom-house officers overhauled our papers and manifest. They seemed a little suspicious, and one of the officers was left on board to watch us, while the rest went aboard of their own craft, which lay nearly half a mile farther down the river, under the guns of the fort. As soon as dinner was ready the captain invited the revenue-officer down in the cabin to dine with him; and as they went below, the former winked his large laughing eye at the mate, and I knew well that there was fun in the wind. As soon as the captain and Mexican had got below, the mate slipped into the small-boat and sculled ashore. I saw no more of him until after dark that night. In the mean time I could tell by the lively voices in the cabin that the officer and captain were getting along very well together; and once in a while the tinkle of meeting glasses and a jolly song spoke of a 'spirit potential' that was playing upon the hearts and senses of both parties.

As night came on, more hilarious were the tones and more varied the sounds which arose from the cabin; and it appeared that while twilight began to get blue above, they were fast getting "blue" below. First I could hear our Mexican spluttering out a Spanish bacchanalian glee; then Captain Marin would give a touch from a sea-song, or a specimen of a 'nigger-melody.' At last, a little after dark, with a real Havana in each of their mouths, they came on deck, the skipper and the watcher. Both were decidedly and unequivocally drunk, if one might judge from their 'walk and conversation;' but I could see at a single glance that the captain was shamming, although the 'spiritual reality' was visible in the Mexican. He seemed however to retain some shrewd notions of his duty, and to know that as night was over us, if we intended to smuggle, it was necessary for him to keep his eyes open. So he seated himself on the taffrail with an air of drunken dignity; and as he hummed a Spanish barcarole, kept watch over the movements of the crew about the deck, glancing now and then up and down the still river.

As the night advanced, I saw that Captain Marin began to look uneasy and anxious, although he pretended to be even more drunk than his guest and spy. At last, when it was near midnight, the Mexican became less frequent in his snatches of song, and the 'liquor-drowse' seemed to be coming over him. He would all unwillingly close his eyes, and then his head would make a long slow bow toward some being, imaginary or invisible, until the chin rested on his breast, when up it would fly, as if a bee had stung it, and slowly, drowsily the eyes would open to the accustomed watch.

Captain Marin now lay down beside the Mexican, and pretended to fall into a sound sleep, attesting the same by a long, loud and regular snore. This threw the Mexican completely off his guard; and wrapping his watch-coat closer around him, he followed suit; and then the twain seemed to be trying which could snore the loudest. When the *Senor Mexicana* had got fairly under head-

way the captain arose lightly from the deck, and passing forward, took the lantern from the binnacle and held it for a minute over the bows. Presently I saw several dark objects coming out from under the shadow of the land, and in a few moments more six large native canoes were alongside of us. In the first one that boarded us was the mate and a merchant whom I well knew to belong to one of the first houses in Tampico. The boats came noiselessly alongside, and their crews crept stealthily on board. Without a sound the hatches were raised, and package after package of rich dry-goods was passed up from the hold and over the side into the boats, by the tawny, half-naked rascals.

The boats were nearly all loaded, when I, who had been placed to watch over the sleeping revenue-officer, saw him open his eyes; and before I could move or speak, he saw and comprehended all that was going on. Springing to his feet, he shouted:

'Guarda costa!—contrabandistas!'

One bound from where he stood by the main hatchway to the taffrail, and our captain was by the side of the officer, with his brawny hands encircling the wind-pipe from which proceeded so much noise. The Mexican tried to draw his sword, and struggled manfully to get free from the choking grip; but Captain Marin knew that the entire loss of his vessel and cargo would follow detection, and he was not disposed to trifle. Raising the Mexican, in spite of his kicks and writhings, in his strong arms, he coolly pitched him overboard! It was quite dark, and as the tide was ebbing swiftly downward, he passed out of sight instantly; but for minutes we could hear him splashing and gurgling in the water, and trying to shout. Then all was still again. We knew not whether he had sunk or gained the shore; nor, to tell the truth, did we much care.

"Bear a hand, boys!" said the captain; "tumble in these packages; get the rest of the goods into the boats, and let them get ashore. If that *diego* hasn't drank too much water, he may give us some trouble about this matter yet."

In a few moments the last package to be smuggled was passed into the boats, the "patron," who had made the purchase, counted out the pay in doubloons; the canoes pushed off, and soon vanished up the river. In a few minutes our hatches were replaced, the decks cleared up as before, and the crew retired to their berths, with orders to be sound asleep and not to wake up on any account.

All this was scarcely arranged, when the dash of oars coming hastily up the river was heard, and in another moment an armed boat from the *guarda-costa* was alongside. At the first sound of the approaching boat, Captain Marin had lain down where he first pretended to go to sleep, and he was now snoring louder than ever. Even the curses, many, loud, and deep, of the angry Mexicans, failed to arouse him from his deep slumber. The officer who had been thrown overboard, still dripping from his involuntary bath, rushed aft, and with no gentle means tried to arouse the sleeper. At last the captain, gaping and stretching, slowly opened his eyes, and as he yawned and scratched his head, coolly asked what was the matter and what was wanted. Then came a scene! All the Mexicans cursing and swearing and threatening and earhooping at once, pointing to the officer who had been taking a midnight swim all alone by himself, who, with voice louder than all the rest, swore that he should have been drowned if St. Antonio hadn't made the sentinels hear his voice aboard the *guarda costa*, and caused them to send him a boat. The captain could not be made to understand what was the matter; and when he was charged with having thrown the revenue-officer overboard, and with having smuggling-boats alongside, he raised his hands in holy horror towards the stars, and indignantly replied: "It's all a d—d lie! Why," said he to the other officers of the *guarda-costa*, "that gentleman dined with me; we drank pretty freely, and then came up from the cabin, when both of us lay down here to sleep. I did not wake up until now: he must have been dreaming, and have fallen overboard in his sleep! You all saw that I was sound asleep when you came aboard; how then could I have thrown him overboard! The idea is absurd, nonsensical; the whole story improbable—yes, impossible! See, my hatches are all battened down, just as they were when you were on board, when I came in from sea to-day; nothing has been moved; my crew are all asleep. He must have been dreaming; and while he dreamed of smugglers, and the like of such, he must have fallen overboard. He knows very well that he was 'as drunk as a lord'!"

The story of the captain was well conceived, and told with still better effect among all the revenue-officers, save the victim himself, who called upon every saint in the calendar to come down and swear that his story was true. But the perfect order and quietude of our vessel; the crew all sound asleep; the hatches battened down, just as they were in the morning; the honest indignation of our sleepy captain, and the acknowledgment of the victim that he had been very drunk, compared badly with his own story, and the yarn of Captain Marin was believed. The "soaked" official was taken back to his own vessel, to be tried and punished for sleeping on his watch, while another officer was left in his place to keep us from smuggling. When day-light came, we weighed anchor and sailed up to the town, where we honestly discharged the cargo per manifest, paying honourably all charges and duties thereon.

Captain Marin only cleared five thousand dollars by that trip; and we have often laughed since at the scene I have described, especially the Mexican's *Dream*, which was not all a *Dream*.—Knickerbocker. NED BUNTLINE.

THE CORAL FISHERY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The coral fishery is a source of more profit than is, perhaps, generally known; and is attended with hardships, the bare thought of which might diminish some of that natural vanity with which the fair one contemplates the glowing ornaments that repose upon and contrast with her white bosom. I was standing on the *marina*, when I witnessed such a scene as I have described—a party of gaily dressed mariners, accompanied by women weeping and wailing as our northern females know not how to do. Their short and simple story was soon learnt; and the particulars I now send you, as the result of my inquiries. Torre del Greco is the principal port in the south of Italy for the vessels engaged in the coral fishery—about 200 vessels setting out from hence every year. They have generally a tonnage of from 7 to 14 tons, and carry from 8 to 12 hands; so that about 2,000 men are engaged in this trade,—and, in case of an emergency, would form a famous *corps de reserve*. They generally consist of the young and hardy and adventurous, or else the wretchedly poor; for it is only the bold spirit of youth, or the extreme misery of the married man, which would send them forth upon this service. The agreement between the parties is made for the month of March to the feast of San Michele (29th September) for vessels destined for the Barbary coast; and from March to the feast of Madonna del Rosario (October 2d) for those whose destination is nearer home. Each man receives from 20 to 40 ducats, according to his age or skill, for the whole voyage; whilst the captain receives from 150 to 400 ducats, reckoning six ducats to £1 sterling. These preliminaries being settled, let us imagine them now on full wing, some for the coast of Barbary, and others for that of Sardinia, or Leghorn, or Civita Vecchia, or the Islands of Capri, San Pietro, or Ventotene, near

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which I have often seen them, hour after hour, and day after day, dragging for the treasures of the vasty deep. On arriving at the port nearest to the spot where they mean to fish, the "carte" are sent in to the consul, which they are compelled to take again on return. A piastre is paid by each vessel for the magic indorsement of his Eccellenza, another to the druggist, and another to the medical man; whilst the captain, to strengthen his power, and to secure indemnity in case of some of those gentle excesses which bilious captains are sometimes apt to commit, has generally on board some private "regalo" for his consul. The next morning perhaps they push out to sea, and commence operations; not to return that evening, or the next, or the next, but to remain at sea for a fortnight or a month at a time, working night and day without intermission. The more humane captains allow half their crews to repose from Ave Maria to midnight, and the other half from midnight to the break of day; others allow only two hours' repose at a time; whilst some, again, allow no regular time:—"so that," said a poor mariner to me, "we sleep as we can, either standing, or as we haul in the nets." Nor do they fare better than they sleep; for the whole time they have nothing—literally nothing—but biscuit and water; whilst the captain, as a privileged person, has his dish of dried beans or haricots boiled. Should they, however, have a run of good luck, and put into port once in 15 days, or so, they are indulged with a feast of macaroni. Now let us view them at work. Every vessel carries about 12 contaj (a cantajo being 200 pounds) of hemp to make the nets, which are changed every week. They are about 7 or 10 palmi in width, and 100 to 120 palmi in length,—worked very loosely, and with large meshes. On being thrown into the sea, the vessel is put before the wind, or else propelled by oars, until these loosely-formed nets have fastened upon a rock. Then comes the tug of war. If they have great good fortune, they will take a piece of two or three rotoli at a haul (a rotoli being 33 ounces), though this is a rare occurrence. In its natural state, the coral is either white, or red, or even black externally, from the action of the sea. The white is very rare and very precious; comparatively a small quantity being sufficient to make a good voyage,—especially when it be taken "ingrosso," when it will fetch as high as 100 ducati, or more, the rotolo. The red "a minuto" is not very valuable: but if it is "scelta" and "ingrosso," it can be sold for from 25 up to 60 ducati the rotolo. As a rule, however, the round shaped coral is much more valuable than the tree or the spiral coral. At last, arrives the Feast of San Michaelo, or of the Madonna del Rosario. As soon as the day dawns, the nets are slackened; no man will work more, even if treasures are in prospect. So, pushing into land, and taking up their "carte," away they set on their return—many as poor as when they departed; some with a few ducats in "sacco," and a new Phrygian cap, or dashing sash, or some article of finery, for the "innamorate," all, however, being thoroughly tired out, and injured perhaps in constitution. The cargo being deposited in the "magazzin" of the merchant, is sold out to the retail merchants, who flock in from Naples and elsewhere; and is soon transformed into numerous articles of ornament or superstition—crosses, amulets, necklaces, and bracelets. And now, these mariners have a long repose, till the spring comes round and sends them round again on this odious service—though there are very few who make two or three consecutive voyages of this nature. Many vessels are lost in the season, owing to their long continued exposure to all kinds of weather, and to their lying in amongst the coral reefs. However prosperous the voyage, life aboard the vessels "e la vita d'uno cane." Yet the service may be regarded as one of the most important in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; as well for the wealth it annually brings in, as also for the school it offers for training hardy, well-disciplined mariners.—*Correspondent of the Athenæum.*

Miscellaneous Articles.

INDIAN CURE FOR ASIATIC CHOLERA.

A Letter from Major Wallace of the 46th regiment of Native Infantry, addressed to the editor of the *Madras Spectator*, gives an account of many individuals (attacked by this dreadful disease) rescued from the very jaws of death, and when utterly given over, by administering the following recipes, from the year 1818. For a full-grown robust man or woman, one teaspoonful of red pepper, one teaspoonful of black pepper, two teaspoonfuls of strong decoction made of cloves, cinnamon, and cardamoms. The above to be put into a large-sized claret glass, to which add sixty drops of laudanum, and then fill the glass three-fourths up with brandy or arrack, and then fill up the glass to the top with boiling-hot water, to which add some grated nutmeg. The above dose to be divided into two equal parts, one to be given, and, if retained, which generally it will be, no more need given; if rejected, the rest to be given. Should this likewise be vomited, a second dose to be similarly prepared and administered. Hot bricks to be applied to the chest, stomach, arms, legs, and feet, and the patient to be kept as warm as possible. The following morning a dose of castor oil to be given.

To a person between twelve and twenty years of age, two-thirds of the pepper, laudanum, and spirits to be given, but the same quantity of the decoction, the glass filled up with hot water.

To children between three and twelve years of age, one-third or one-fourth, according to the age of the child, of the peppers, laudanum, and spirits, with one teaspoonful of the decoction, the glass, as before, to be filled with hot water; this last to be divided into three equal parts, and administered as directed for the others.

Each dose when given to be as hot as the patient can drink without pain or inconvenience.

After the dose, if retained, the patient will complain of excessive thirst, and a burning sensation in the intestines; this is almost a certain indication of recovery; but nothing whatever should be given either to allay the one or palliate the other, till about four or five hours after the castor oil has discontinued operating, when *mullagatawny*, made strong with pepper and chillies, with some well-boiled rice, should be given, and this food continued for three or four days after recovery.

To a European, young and robust, the whole wine-glass to be given at one dose, if he is very bad with cholera. If the spices cannot be procured, a strong decoction of ginger will answer the purpose.

IMPERIAL ROMPS IN RUSSIA.

A drive on a *ligne* in the evening was a pleasant escape from the crowded dining hall, and having touched upon the empress's villa, Alexandra, fitted up with the simplicity of an English cottage, we adjourned to an evening party at the Grand Duchess Marie's (Leuchtenberg), which was devoted to tea and *petits-jouez*. The former was, as usual, delicious, though at first the extract might be considered too aromatic by a British palate, trained to "full-bodied family Pekoe," and other *alias* for an infusion of grilled sloe leaves and chopped stable brooms; and the latter were maintained with vigour and spirit worthy of

gambols in our "old houses at home." Undoubtedly the practice of this species of relaxation from the stiffness and formality of a court, places the guests infinitely more at their ease, and, except when theatricals or music are the order of the evening, relieve a great deal of *gene* and embarrassment. The members of the imperial family all took their parts honestly, and it was distinctly understood that they were liable to all the penalties and forfeitures attached to a violation of the established laws of the games, some of which were lively almost to romping; and more than one fair brow glowed and glistened through its dishevelled tresses, in the ardour of escape and pursuit. The principal evolutions were "La Guerre," a sort of "prisoner's-base;" "Le Chat et la Souris," which describes itself; "La Bague," a ring passed from hand to hand, on a cord, extended in a circle; exchanging seats; and a sort of a grand promenade—all holding hands in single file—through every part of the house. The temperature of the rooms and the pace, which were both excessive, and the being buttoned up to the throat in uniform, rendered these exercises rather severe, particularly as they were executed on a polished *parquet*, practicable enough for feet accustomed to nine months' sliding upon ice in the course of the year, but somewhat perilous to the high-heeled boots of a native of a more habitable zone. Such, indeed, was the impetus, that it became necessary to establish a "long stop," and the Tsar himself—the sworn enemy of the *movement* party—undertook this congenial office. When the solid avalanche of some of his male courtiers bore heavily down upon him, his size and strength enabled him coolly to breast the charge, and to throw them lightly off, but when the prettiest of the maids of honour precipitated themselves—dare we say—rather wilfully into his arms, he seemed to reel back, and in the act of recovering himself to clasp them more stringently than the mere laws of gravitation would warrant. There is nothing, however, of scandal in this playful gallantry exhibited before the whole court.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE UNITED IRISHMEN'S CONSPIRACY.

I expected (wrote Emmet from his prison) three hundred Wexford, four hundred Kildare, and two hundred Wicklow men, all of whom had fought before, to begin he surmises at this side of the water, and by the preparation of preference, so as to give time to the town to assemble. The county of Dublin was also to act at the instant they began; the number of Dublin people acquainted with it, I understand to be three or four thousand. I expected two thousand to assemble at Costigan's mills, the grand place of assembly. The evening before, the Wicklow men failed, through their officer. The Kildare men, who were to act (particularly with me), came in, and at five o'clock went off again, from the canal harbour, on a report from two of their officers that Dublin would not act. In Dublin itself, it was given out by some treacherous or cowardly person that it was postponed till Wednesday. The time of assembly was from six till nine; and at nine, instead of two thousand there were eighty men assembled. When we came to the market-house they were diminished to eighteen or twenty. The Wexford men did assemble, I believe, to the amount promised, on the coal-quay; but three hundred men, though they might be sufficient to begin on a sudden, were not so when government had five hours' notice by express from Kildare. Add to this, the preparations were, from an unfortunate series of disappointments in money, unfinished; scarcely any blunderbuses bought up. The man who was to turn the fuzes and rammers for the beams forgot them, and went off to Kildare to bring men, and did not return till the very day. The consequence was, that all the beams were not loaded, nor mounted with wheels, nor the train-bags, of course, fastened on to explode them. The person who had the management of the depot, mixed, by accident, the slow matches that were prepared with what were not, and all our labour went for nothing. The fuzes for the grenades he had also laid by, where he forgot them, and could not find them in the crowd. The cramp-irons could not be got in time from the smiths, to whom we would not communicate the necessity of despatch; and the scaling ladders were not finished (but one).—*Dr. Madden's United Irishmen.*

A WONDERFUL CLERGYMAN.

Robert Walker was born in 1709, at a place called Under Crag, in the valley of Seathwaite. He became curate of Seathwaite in his 26th year, and continued curate until the day of his death, when he had attained the great age of 93. His curacy was of the yearly value of £5 only! and he had no fortune whatever. He married a wife in his 27th year, who brought him a "fortune" of £40, and in due time a family of twelve children, of whom eight survived. The wonder of his history is, that he educated all his children respectably, made one of them a clergyman; was hospitable to all, and generous to his poor neighbours; and at his death left a sum of £2,000 behind him. It is true that the income of his curacy was, by degrees, increased to £50 per annum; but this would not account for the accumulation of such a sum, we are led to inquire how he could have managed it, with so many claims upon him, and all so well attended to. It appears that he was as expert at various trades as Robinson Crusoe himself. He spun with his own hands all the wool needed for the clothes of himself, his wife, and his family; and, while spinning, taught the children of his parishioners spelling and reading. He assisted for hire, in hay making and sheep-sheering; and, for hire, acted as clerk and scrivener to the simple people who were not initiated in the sublime mysteries of the pen. He had, moreover, a couple of acres of land, which he cultivated by his own labour, and that of his sons; kept and bred cattle; and brewed ale, and sold it for twopence a quart if drunk in the adjoining field, and for fourpence if drunk in the parsonage. The wonder very sensibly diminishes when we learn these facts, as in a similar manner, did that of the inquirer into the history of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, which was built by a poet. The wonder in this case was, that a poet could have possessed money enough to erect a church; but when it was explained that he was a lawyer as well as a poet, there was no wonder in the business. The fortune of the poor curate would have been equally marvellous; but the profits upon the ale, and the other *et ceteras*, make the story intelligible.—*Dr. Mackay's Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes.*

WORTHINGTON'S TIDAL POWER.

The storing of tidal power, as a motive power for machinery, has often been suggested,—but there has always been the difficulty to overcome of getting rid of the back-flood, which would stop the revolving-wheel. Mr. Worthington, of Manchester, thinking that he had discovered the means of obviating this difficulty, wrote, some years ago, to the Liverpool papers on the subject; but was unable to make his views sufficiently intelligible without a model. Accordingly he at length determined to construct one; and having completed it, he is now exhibiting it to the public. It is on a tolerably large scale, and is a working model:—the water of a miniature sea flowing into two half-tide reservoirs, and from them through the wheel-races, so as to turn an undershot wheel, which is supposed to give the motive power. At high water, the sea will fill those through sluices; at low water the sluice-gates or paddles are closed, and the water re-

tained in the reservoirs in sufficient quantity to serve the wheel till the tide returns to give a fresh supply. Whenever, from high tides or other causes, the water rises higher than the centre of the water-wheel, the wheel would become what is termed "back-flooded." To avoid this, a third reservoir is constructed, at a lower level below that of the low water mark; and into this the waste water from the wheel runs at flood tide, and is let out at low water, to flow back to the river or sea, through a sluice, which must be closed again when the reservoir is empty. Mr. Worthington suggests that, at sea-ports, such as Liverpool and Hull, long river or sea walls to be built, so as to impound the tidal water behind them in reservoirs; and that the corporate bodies of these towns might let the power for mill purposes. Perhaps one of the largest water-wheels in the kingdom is at Compstall-bridge; and it is there found that a reservoir of five acres, holding seven feet of water, will rotate this wheel during eight hours, with a motive power equal to that of 300 horses.—*Manchester Guardian*.

NEW RAILWAY BREAK.

The terrible accidents that have recently occurred both here and in France, give great significance to a paragraph like the following—which we borrow from *Galvani*—if its statements may be received without deduction.—"We stated yesterday that we had received an invitation to be present at some experiments with a new break, having for object the instantaneous stoppage of a railroad train without the slightest shock to the passengers, and that it was our intention to attend. The experiments took place at 49 bis in the Rue Chaussee d'Antin, on a model railway constructed for the purpose. The inventor is an engineer named Alexandre. A model train was let off at different rates of speed, from fifteen to twenty leagues an hour, down a very inclined plane; and yet, notwithstanding these circumstances, the train was checked without the slightest commotion. The break is worked by the conductor of the last carriage,—by which means the whole of the carriages instead of striking against each other, have a tendency to retreat. As soon as the breaks of the last carriage have taken their position, those of every other carriage in the train act instantaneously; and, by another admirable contrivance, the locomotive can, even at the greatest rate of speed, be detached from the train. This is not all. The very act of separating the locomotive provides against accident, from its running too far forward; for, as soon as it has reached a sufficient distance from the train, say fifty or a hundred yards, it stops. We shall not enter into any technical details of the mode in which all this is effected,—for they could be understood by only a few of our readers; but, as far as the results are concerned, we feel convinced that the invention is good. It is a general remark, that what may answer very well with a model on a small scale, frequently fails when tried *en grand*. This is perfectly true, but we see nothing in the invention of M. Alexandre that would not be practicable upon a railroad. On the contrary, there is every reason to think that the results upon a railroad would be more perfect than with the model. The inventor estimates the expense of adopting his apparatus at a thousand francs for each carriage; which is a small sum, if we consider the importance of the object in view. A commission appointed by the government have witnessed—and it is said, approved of—the experiments. If this be the fact, the Minister of Public Works will do well to grant funds for a trial on a large scale. For this 20,000*fr.* would be more than sufficient; and, if the trial should be satisfactory, it will be his duty to bring in a bill to compel the railway companies to adopt the plan."

ERSKINE AND CURRAN.

In the whole range of our national forensic eloquence, there is but one name entitled to rank with his—a name as dear in the sister country—that of Curran. The triumphs of Grattan and Plunkett were more in the senate than the forum; and though Bushe may be aptly described as the *Æschines* of the four courts, too few of his brilliant gems are preserved with which to deck him as a rival. Of distinguished predecessors at the English bar, Murray and Dunning, there are no sufficient specimens left on which to found a parallel. But in the Irish advocate there appears much of congenial excellence, great similarity of temperament; and, as if to finish the coincidence, a singular resemblance in fortune. They were equally distinguished for fearless independence and high minded integrity. Almost at the very time that Erskine surrendered his office of attorney-general, to the Prince of Wales, rather than refuse to Paine the benefit of his retainer, Curran was pouring forth a patriotic appeal on the proscription to which his sense of the independence of the bar had exposed him: "I feel that the night of unenlightened wretchedness is fast approaching, when a man shall be judged before he is tried—when the advocate shall be libelled for performing his duty to his client, that right of human nature—when the victim shall be hunted down, not because he is criminal, but because he is obnoxious." When interrupted at midnight in his defence of Bond by the volunteers clashing their arms, as if threatening defiance at his invectives Curran sternly rebuked their inhuman interruption, and exclaimed, "You may assassinate, but shall not intimidate me." To superciliousness, when exerted from the bench, neither orator would bow. As the one rebuked Mr. Justice Buller, the other read Lord Clare a terrific lecture, under the awful portrait of a predecessor, that he was violating every sacred duty and every solemn engagement that bound him to himself, his country, his sovereign, and his God! In all the withering flashes of scorn with which Erskine scathed the band of informers, there is perhaps no figure to be found so striking as that of Curran, when declaiming against the spies brought up after the rebellion from prisons, "those catacombs of living death, where the wretch, that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up an informer!" Advocates of the people's rights, and champions of prisoners in the most remarkable state trials of their respective countries, they both struggled night after night, with all the resistless strength of eloquence; the one radiant with triumph and assured of victory; the other pale and steadfast in the energy of despair, certain of the result, but determined that all the decent rites of defiance should be observed. In both cases, the populace, enthusiastic in their admiration, took the horses from their carriages, and by a voluntary degradation drew the orators to their homes. Their sensibility was the talisman of success: each identified himself with the cause of his clients; every look, tone and gesture impelling the conviction, that, if he were deluding others, he was deceiving himself. In external advantages Erskine far surpassed his rival, whose person wanted both dignity and grace, and whose eye, peculiarly keen and bright, alone redeemed the other features from insignificance. In voice, too, that powerful instrument of persuasion, Erskine had the advantage, though the tones of Curran are described as singularly soft and plaintive.—*Townsend's Lives of Twelve Judges*.

EQUINE VINDICTIVENESS.

A dealer, of whom I have bought a horse occasionally, had one he kept for his own hunting. I had for some time wished to purchase the animal, and got the refusal of him, if he was ever to be sold. He had ridden his horse one sea-

son. At the commencement of the next, he very imprudently took him out before he was fit to go; in short, fat: the consequence was, he could not carry his master in his usual way. He foolishly thought the horse sulked, and punished him a good deal with the spurs, till he fairly shut up; in short, knocked up. His master went the last thing at night to look at him: the moment the horse saw him, he ran at him open mouthed: fortunately the door was open; but so near a thing was it, he left a small piece of his flesh and the whole of the back of his coat in the horse's mouth, right glad to get off so well. Now the horse had offered no injury to the man who had dressed and done him up, though he remarked his being very irritable in being cleaned; but he remembered master, and would not let him come near him. I saw the horse two days afterwards, went up to him as I always had done, and found him perfectly good tempered. I then bought him. Some weeks afterwards I rode him into his old master's yard: he of course came towards me. So soon as he was within a few yards of me, the horse laid his ears in his poll, and would have run at him, had I not checked him; and it was remarkable, but a fact, that ever afterwards, at least so long as I had him, the moment the door of a stable or box where he was standing was opened, he looked instantly at who was coming; and, I make no doubt, but two years afterwards when I sold him, had his old master gone near him, he would have run at him, if he could. The next circumstance was very similar, and I bring it forward that the first may not be thought a solitary instance of a horse knowing his oppressor. I purchased a mare to carry my wife: she was one of the neatest and most perfect fencers I ever saw, and a child could ride her with hounds. During the summer, however, chiefly, I believe, from the extreme thinness of her skin, she was so troublesome when flies were about, that my wife most reluctantly consented to her being sold. The first time the hounds met, I desired a helper I had taken from a steeple-racing stable to take the mare out, and mention my determination to part with her. On his return, I found the mare spurred from shoulder to flank. This I well knew she never wanted. I asked no questions, but told the man he should go at the end of the week. The next morning I desired him to give her half an hour's walking exercise, and prepared to see it done.

She was brought out: with the greatest difficulty possible we held her till he got up: she then set to plunging, bucking, and kicking so violently, that, though a good horseman, she sent him over her head, then lashed both heels at him, and a narrow escape he had. Nothing we could do could induce her to let him come near her again. I put a friend then on her, but she sent him spinning in a very short time. I then took off the saddle, doubled a rug, put on a surcingle, and jumped on her: she plunged and kicked till she was as if ridden through a pond. I never even spoke harshly to her. At last she got perfectly quiet! I got off, had her dressed, and brought out again saddled; she carried me as quietly as ever; but the moment the man approached her, she began again. I then put a boy up who was accustomed to ride her at exercise; she carried him with perfect good temper. I tried her several days afterwards, but she would carry no one but me and the boy; my wife, as a matter of curiosity, desired her saddle to be put on. I saw the mare meant well; so my wife got up: the poor mare went just as quietly with her as ever. This is almost like reason. When I first got on after her ill usage, a fear of its repetition made her plunge with me: had I punished her for it, she never would have carried me again; but finding I did not, she got confidence. She had never been hurt by my wife or the boy, so she was quiet with them; but she had her suspicions of strangers roused, so she would not carry them: I sold her to a friend, who acted like a reasonable man: he begged the boy of me; took the mare home, and began by feeding and carrying her for several days before he attempted to mount her, and then got on her in her stable; she carried him as quietly as she did the boy, but she never would let any stranger mount her ever afterwards, without trying to get him off. She gradually got better, but never could bear any one she was unused to.—*Stable Talk and Table Talk*.

SAHARA AND ITS TRIBES.

To form a correct conception of the Sahara, our readers must dismiss from their minds all the loose and fantastic conceptions which have been attached, from time immemorial, to the interior of Northern Africa. Instead of a torrid region, where boundless steppes of burning sand are abandoned to the roving horsemen of the desert, and to beasts of prey, and where the last vestiges of Moorish civilization expire, long before the traveller arrives at Negroland and the savage communities of the interior, the Sahara is now ascertained to consist of a vast archipelago of Oases; each of them peopled by a tribe of the Moorish race or its offshoots, more civilized, and more capable of receiving the lessons of civilization, than the houseless Arabs of the Tell;—cultivating the date-tree with application and ingenuity, inhabiting walled towns, living under a regular government, for the most part of a popular origin;—carrying to some perfection certain branches of native manufactures, and keeping up an extensive system of commercial intercourse with the northern and central parts of the African continent, and from Mogador to Mecca, by the enterprise and activity of their caravans. Each of the Oases of the Sahara—which are divided from one another by sandy tracts, bearing shrubs and plants fit only for the nourishment of cattle—presents an animated group of towns and villages. Every village is encircled by a profusion of fruit-bearing trees. The palm is the monarch of their orchards,—as much by the grace of its forms, as by the value of its productions: and the pomegranate, the fig tree, and the apricot, cluster around its lofty stem. The lions, and other beasts of prey, with which poetry has peopled the African wilds, are to be met with only in the mountains of the Tell,—never in the plains of the Sahara. The robber tribes of the Tuarichs frequent the southern frontier of the Sahara, and the last tracts of habitable land which intervene between these Oases and the real Desert; but in the Sahara itself communications carried on after the fashion of the country, are regular and secure.

War is, indeed, of frequent occurrence between the neighbouring tribes,—either for the possession of disputed territories, or the revenge of supposed injuries; but all that is yet known of these singular communities, shows them to be living in a completely constituted state of civil society—eminently adapted to the peculiar part of the globe which they inhabit—governed by the strong traditions of a primitive people, and fulfilling with energy and intelligence the strange vocation of their life. The population of the Fiafi, or most northern tract of the Sahara, between the 32° and 29° parallels of latitude, is more dense than that of the Tell, or region near the coast; though even there, the Oases are often separated by two or three days' march over barren sand. The Kifar is the sandy plain beyond, which produces a scanty pasture after the winter rains; and, to the south of that region lies the Talat, or sea of sand, to be crossed without danger and suffering by none, but the dromedary and the Arab horseman. The sedentary population of each of the Oases of the Sahara, centres in a town of more or less importance, and devotes itself to the cultivation of the palm and the date, or to manufactures. Round this town are assembled

the dependent ksour, or villages of the tribes, some pastoral, and some mercantile, which are in continual motion, and carry on what may be termed the external relations of the community. All the corn consumed by these villages and towns is grown in the Tell. The date, which is the great edible product of the Sahara, becomes unwholesome, and even fatal to life, if it be eaten without a proper admixture of other food; so that the industry of one-half of the inhabitants of the Sahara consists in preparing commodities for the purposes of trade, whilst the other half carries on this trade in the distant markets of the north; and of these no inconsiderable number emigrate to the coast for a long term of years.—*Edinburgh Review*.

A Compact with a Dublin Mob.—When Daly first took up his residence in the capital, many, many years before, he was an object of mob worship. He had every quality necessary for such; he was immensely rich, profusely spendthrift, and eccentric to an extent that some characterised as insanity; his dress, his equipage, his liveries, his whole retinue and style of living were strange and unlike other men's, while his habits of life bid utter defiance to every ordinance of society. In the course of several years' foreign travel, he had made acquaintances the most extraordinary and dissimilar, and many of these were led to visit him in his own country. Dublin being less resorted to by strangers than most cities, the surprise of its inhabitants was proportionably great as they beheld not only Hungarian and Russian nobles, with gorgeous equipages and splendid retinues driving through the streets, but Turks, Armenians, and Greeks in full costume; and on one occasion, Daly's companion on a public promenade was no less remarkable a person than a North American Chief, in all the barbaric magnificence of his native dress. To obviate the inconvenience of that mob accompaniment such spectacles would naturally attract, Daly entered into a compact with the leaders of the various sets or parties of low Dublin, by which, on payment of a certain sum, he was guaranteed in the enjoyment of appearing in public without a following of several hundred ragged wretches in full cry after him. Nothing could be more honourable and fair than the conduct of both parties in this singular treaty; the subsidy was regularly paid through the hands of Sandy McGrane, while the subsidised literally observed every article of the contract, and not only avoided any molestation on their own parts, but were a formidable protective force in the event of any annoyance from others of a superior rank in society. The hawkers of the various newspapers were the deputies with whom Sandy negotiated this treaty, they being recognised as the legitimate interpreters of mob opinion through the capital; men who combined an insight into local grievances with a corresponding knowledge of general politics; and certain it is, their sway must have been both respected and well protected, for a single transgression of the compact with Daly never occurred.—*The Knight of Gwynne*.

New Explosive Compound.—The attention of the scientific world has been drawn to the discovery, by Professor Schonbein, of an explosive compound which appears to possess many advantages of over gunpowder. A cotton is prepared by a process not yet divulged—but which is in all probability one that depends on the formation of a nitrogen compound. This cotton possesses many remarkable properties. On the application of a spark, the solid mass is at once converted to a gaseous state; and a scientific gentleman who has witnessed some experiments in the laboratory of Prof. Schonbein, informs us that, whereas an equal weight of gunpowder, when exploded, filled the apartment with smoke, the cotton exploded without producing any—leaving only a few atoms of carbonaceous matter behind. Common balls and shells have been projected by this prepared cotton, and it is stated to have nearly double the projectile force of gunpowder. An interesting experiment was recently tried on the wall of an old castle. It had been calculated that from three to four pounds of gunpowder would be required to destroy it—and a hole capable of holding that quantity was prepared. Prof. Schonbein, being desirous of testing the explosive force of his new preparation, placed four ounces of it in the hole; which, when fired, blew the masonry wall to pieces. Another valuable property of this cotton, is, that it is not injured by wet; as it appears that, after being dried, it has lost nothing of its power. It, of course, remains to be seen if it is, in all respects, equal to gunpowder; but, under many circumstances, it must prove of great value. It is expected that Prof. Schonbein will attend the meeting of the British Association, at Southampton; when, no doubt, we shall hear more of this extraordinary discovery.—*Athenaeum*.

Skating at Cabul.—There is a lake about five or six miles from Cabul, in the direction of Istaliff, which, though partially saline, or rather metallic, in its waters, is frozen over in all winters if the weather be commonly severe. In the winter of 1839-40, it was covered with a coat of ice more than ordinarily thick, on which the Afghans used to practice the art of sliding, far more skillfully, as well as gracefully, than their European visitors. Indeed, it was the clumsy manner in which the Feringhees assayed that boyish sport, which induced them to reiterate the conviction that heat, and not cold, was the white man's element. Forthwith our young gentlemen set themselves to the fabrication of skates—the artificers soon shaped the wood-work according to models given; out of old iron, smelted, and hardened afterwards, the blades were formed—and in due time, a party of skaters, equipped for the exercise, appeared upon the lake. The Afghans stared in mute amazement while the officers were fastening on their skates, but when they rose, dashed across the ice's surface, wheeled and turned, and cut out all manner of figures upon the ice, there was an end at once to disbelief in regard to the place of their nativity. "Now," cried they, "we see that you are not like the infidel Hindoos that follow you; you are men, born and bred like ourselves, where the seasons vary, and in their changes give vigour both to body and mind. We wish that you had come among us as friends, and not as enemies, for you are fine fellows one by one, though as a body we hate you."—*Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan*.

Lord Ranelagh and South America.—It is stated that the noble lord is about to start on a scientific expedition to South America, and to explore some of the great rivers which traverse that vast region. His lordship will be accompanied by a strong party of friends and followers; and we doubt not we shall have occasion to hear a good deal of the whereabouts of so bold and enterprising a character.

Consumption.—M. Becker observed at Moscow that two workmen in an advanced stage of pulmonary consumption were cured after a few months' employment in certain chemical works. During this time they had been almost constantly exposed to the influence of vapours charged with marine salt and sal-ammoniac. This is worthy the attention of the Medical Board at the Consumption Hospital, and indeed of all the faculty.

Remarkable Mirage.—A remarkable meteorological phenomenon, a mirage, or *fata morgana*, was lately witnessed at Stralsund. On the 28th of July, at half-past three o'clock a. m., it appeared on the sea-shore, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the town. On the opposite coast of the Isle of Rugen was

represented the town of Stralsund, not reversed, as is usually the case, and always so in the Straits of Messina, but exactly as the town appears to the persons placed on that coast. The image was of a deep blue colour, and stood out on a brilliant opal-coloured ground, with extraordinary clearness and precision. What was most admired was the facade of the ancient Gothic church of St. Mary, which was reflected with such exactness that it appeared to be a daguerreotype design. This magnificent mirage lasted about twenty minutes, at the end of which it was successively dissolved by the ardent rays of the sun, which in the east seemed to emerge from the Baltic.—*Newspapers*.

Imperial Parliament.

IRISH ARMS BILL.

House of Commons August 10.

The renewal of the Arms (Ireland) Bill came under discussion on Monday. Before the regular debate, there was a remarkable preliminary colloquy, in the midst of a Committee of Supply on the Ordnance and other Estimates.

Mr. THOMAS DUNCOMBE asked a question. He had understood that the measure would be brought before the House that evening; but now there was a rumour that it was to be postponed!

Mr. LABOUCHERE replied. Having learnt that there were several Members connected with Ireland who wished to attend the discussion, he thought it fair to fix a suitable time, and therefore proposed that the second reading should take place on Wednesday.

Mr. HUME observed that Wednesday was a private day; and he did not believe that any Member from Ireland cared a pin about the bill. He wished to know why it was that Mr. Labouchere and his colleagues were now prepared to promote that against which they voted two years ago!

Mr. ESCOTT hoped that Mr. Labouchere might occupy the interval till Wednesday in considering whether he should not on second thoughts abandon the bill altogether.

Mr. DUNCOMBE knew that several Members intended to go out of town before Wednesday; and it was rather suspicious that it was to be postponed until that day, when nobody would be there. If Mr. Labouchere would have the kindness to state who the individuals were for whom he was postponing the measure, it might be some reason to induce the House to consent to the postponement.

Mr. LABOUCHERE—"What I said was, there were many gentlemen who were anxious to be present."

Mr. DUNCOMBE—"Who?"

Mr. LABOUCHERE should think there were gentlemen connected with Ireland who would wish to hear the discussion on this point.

Mr. DUNCOMBE—"Who?"

Mr. LABOUCHERE apprehended there would be no business on Wednesday to interfere with this measure; and it could, he hoped, be brought on soon after twelve o'clock. His only wish was to have the subject discussed; and if the discussion could be brought on before ten o'clock that night, he was prepared to go on with it. In a subsequent part of the evening, Mr. LABOUCHERE moved the second reading of the bill; and, on the invitation of Mr. Hume, stated his reasons for persevering with the measure.—He was prepared to maintain, in the face of the House and of the country, that a Government would desert its duty, and would act a part utterly unworthy of the dignity of the Crown and of the country, if they allowed the bill to drop. The spirit in which he asked the House to pass the bill was not one of approval, in spirit or detail. The bill would only be in force till the 1st of May; and he gave the House not only a pledge but security of the intention of Government to bring in a measure on the subject. All that Ministers asked was time. As to any odium which would be provoked by the licensing and branding of arms, all the arms were already licensed and branded. The mischief was done already, and no harm could be done by continuing this measure for only nine months. He should be sincerely sorry if the necessity for proposing such a bill were to be taken as a specimen of the feeling and a sample of the legislation that the present Government would adopt towards Ireland.

A long and desultory discussion drew forth a host of opponents from all quarters; the supporters making their appearance at rare intervals.

Mr. HUME had a very simple plan which he would recommend to Mr. Labouchere. It was to drop the bill altogether—not to dirty his fingers with it. Sir James Graham, the late Home Secretary, had twice admitted that the measure had failed. Mr. Hume wished to know why the House should place an unconstitutional power in the hands of a set of men who declared they disapproved of that power, merely as a mark of confidence? The present step seemed to be quite unnecessary. There were no petitions—no applications from Ireland; no Irish Members had asked for it.

Mr. SHAW, though not friendly to the bill, was nevertheless of opinion that it was but fair to allow the Government time to look into the subject.

Mr. ESCOTT said, it was to him a matter of the most curious conjecture what wild infatuation could have induced the Government to take such a bill under its protection. Mr. Labouchere had himself admitted that the measure was a failure; and Mr. Sheil in opposition, had mercilessly denounced it, describing it as one into whose every clause tyranny was elaborated in every form. Was Mr. Sheil going to support that bill now?

Mr. MUNTZ felt that to support Ministers in the present case would be to degrade and disgrace himself. They had fallen to a great discount in his estimation by their conduct on this occasion.

Mr. SHARMAN CRAWFORD considered the bill, as it stood, a breach of the constitution, and he would oppose it.

Mr. REDHEAD YORKE would do the same.

Mr. BELLEW declared that the effect of the present proposal upon the character of public men would be most injurious.

Mr. PIGOTT, the Solicitor General for Ireland, said a few words in support of Ministers. In 1843 he thought there should be no legislation on the subject; but the circumstance of legislation having been introduced modified the question.

Mr. HORSMAN thought it was positive infatuation in Ministers to force such a bill on the House.

Sir ROBERT FERGUSON thought at any rate some restrictions ought to be placed on the sale of gunpowder and the importation of arms.

Mr. PROTHEROE should oppose the bill; but it was with the greatest concern that he appeared as an opponent of Ministers.

Mr. SPOONER had always supported the principle involved in the bill. Those Members who supported the late Government in their Coercion Bill were bound as members of honour to support the present measure.

Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE felt deeply mortified that Ministers should have been so untrue to their professions in opposition as to have introduced such a

measure now that they were in office. The present Government had come into power avowedly with the intention of making the same laws for England and for Ireland; and with these professions on their lips, how were they justified in advocating such a measure as the present.—a measure, observe, which had not been bequeathed to them by their predecessors, but which, on the contrary, their predecessors, decried and admitted to be a failure? He was willing to support the Government when he could do so honourably: but he would not repose that confidence in any Government that would induce him to support them when they proposed measures which were unconstitutional and destructive of liberty. Why were they to have enactments of this description?

Mr. THOMAS DUNCOMBE thought that explanation was required from Lord John Russell. In 1843, the noble Lord spoke after this fashion in reference to the Arms Bill. "But, really, if we are told that it is the intention of the Executive Government to propose such plans, and such plans alone—if we are told that this is a sample of the measures by which Ireland is to be governed—I think before long that this House should address the Crown, or take some mode or other of expressing their opinion as to the government of Ireland." That was "the principle" on which the noble Lord had always acted; and he supposed that now, as a sort of tribute to the memory of his predecessors, he was going to pass another Coercion Bill. Mr. Duncombe wanted to know upon what principle they had turned out the late Government, unless it were upon the principle of non-coercion. Never was a Minister turned out so much against the will of the people of this country, or so much to the discredit of the party who had succeeded him.

Ministers now came forth, hinting at concessions.

First, Viscount MORPETH.—It had been his lot frequently to propose Irish Arms Bills, and never to oppose them. Ministers found the present bill in force; and the question was, whether, having legislation now, not being prepared to dispense with legislation altogether, and intending to have recourse to legislation next session, the Government was called upon to introduce a third piece of legislation on the subject. He hoped the House would not think that Ministers intended to cling to that system of legislation, or to hold it up as the model of their wishes.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL was more explicit.—He defended his consistency. During the ten or eleven years that he had held office, he had supported measures which had for their object the preventing of improper persons from having fire-arms and preventing the introduction of ammunition and fire-arms into Ireland. With regard to these two main objects of the bill, he gave every support to them in 1843; but he opposed other parts. In particular, he had opposed the branding clause. He agreed with the Recorder of Dublin in thinking that a good deal of the vexation caused by the objectionable clauses which the bill contains is now over. "If gentlemen think with regard to any of those clauses that they ought to be expunged from the bill, it will be in the power of the House to accede to their wishes, and to make those amendments in Committee. I cannot shrink from the duty of asking this House, however unpopular the measure may be, still to continue some restriction on the possession of arms in Ireland. The declaration in the preamble of all these bills is, that they are to prevent improper persons having arms. Now, I wish the House to observe, whatever ridicule may have been thrown on the argument of the right honourable the Recorder of Dublin, that it is a different thing to continue a law in England by which all may have arms, and to abrogate a law in Ireland by which restrictions are placed on the possession of arms. I have no doubt that the throwing out of this bill would encourage many of those malefactors in Ireland who go about deliberately offering their assistance to murder for money." Adverting to Mr. Duncombe's panegyric on Sir Robert Peel, Lord John remarked, that if Mr. Duncombe imagined that in paying these compliments he was annoying the present Government, he was very much mistaken. "I think praise must ever attend him [Sir Robert Peel] upon account of the sacrifice he made, and for the course he took. It cannot, therefore, be at all irksome to me if the right honourable gentleman bestow his praises upon the right honourable Baronet."

Mr. DUNCOMBE said, it was quite a matter of indifference to him whether his expressions pleased or displeased the noble Lord. ("Order!")

Lord JOHN RUSSELL added, that if Mr. Duncombe admired the late Government so very much, it was a great pity he did not do more to preserve them in office than he did. (A laugh.) "If he had reflected how sorry he would be, and how much he should lament their fall, I think he might have given them more constant support than he thought it his duty to do!"

Lord SEYMOUR asked Lord John Russell, whether he would consent to strike out of the bill those clauses which he voted against when he sat on the other side of the House? In that case, the Government should have his vote, but not otherwise.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL answered, that if Lord Seymour meant two or three of the more objectionable clauses, to any such proposition he would consent.

The House divided—for the second reading, 56; against it, 23; Ministerial majority, 33.

A short discussion followed; in the course of which, Mr. LABOUCHERE stated that the measure would be altered in Committee. Monday was named for the Committee.

Mr. ESCOTT has given notice, that on Monday he will move that the bill be committed that day three months.

WITHDRAWAL OF THE ARMS (IRELAND) BILL.

August 17th.

Lord J. RUSSELL thought it convenient to state now the intentions of the government with respect to the Arms (Ireland) Bill. That bill was introduced by his right hon. friend the Secretary for Ireland on the ground, on which her majesty's ministers were agreed, that having very lately come into office, it was desirable to obtain a renewal of the bill in question until the next spring, in order that the government might consider the whole of its provisions. It appeared to him (Lord J. Russell) that that was a reasonable proposition to make, considering that restrictions upon the possession of arms in Ireland had, in fact, been in practice almost ever since the revolution of 1688. But when that proposition was made to the house, it appeared to many gentlemen that no such act ought to be renewed without going into its various provisions, and considering whether or not they were fit to be continued. He stated to the house, in the discussion upon the bill, that he was willing to consider those provisions which he avowed when the bill was last under discussion to be most objectionable, and to withdraw those provisions from the bill thus to be continued and re-enacted. But on examining the provisions of the act, the registration clauses, deprived of those more stringent provisions introduced to make those clauses more effectual, were found to be not tyrannical and coercive, but needless interruptions of the ordinary concerns of life.—(Hear, hear.) On consulting his noble friend the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he was of opinion that it was far

better to dispense with the bill altogether than to continue it thus divested of some of its principal provisions; and he declared to us, that he was perfectly ready to undertake the government of Ireland without the continuance of these provisions. Therefore, upon more mature deliberation, it was the intention of her majesty's ministers to drop the bill for the renewal of the Arms Act. But at the same time her majesty's ministers could only consider their responsibility for the safety of life and property in Ireland as increased, and whatever measures might be necessary for the strict maintenance of the existing laws, and the preservation of peace and security in Ireland; or, if it should unfortunately be necessary to demand extraordinary powers in order to preserve life and property in that country, her majesty's ministers would not shrink from the duty which might be incumbent upon them.—Mr. ESCOTT must avow his hope that the Irish people would afford to the noble lord the best reward he could receive for his generous treatment of a generous people.—Mr. HUME also highly approved the conduct of the government.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

House of Lords, Aug. 12.

The presentation of a petition by Earl Fortescue against military flogging called forth from that nobleman and from Lord Brougham a defence of Colonel Whyte.

The Duke of WELLINGTON, gave his sentiments on the general question:—With respect to the subject in general, it has long been the wish of all those who have been connected with the command of the army—particularly of my illustrious predecessor the late Duke of York—that this punishment should be diminished to the greatest degree possible. It has been the invariable practice, since I have had the honour of any command in the army, to make every endeavour to diminish it, so as to lead to the possibility entirely to discontinue it. This has been the principle of all the best-officered regiments throughout the service ever since I have commanded a regiment, now fifty years ago; but really, the fact is, that it is impossible to maintain discipline without some punishment of this description which individuals will feel. And, my lords, it has been found invariably the case, and it is so much the case that, even where it has been thought possible to discontinue it altogether, I mean in the East Indies, when under the auspices of a late Governor General this punishment was entirely discontinued, it has been found necessary to re-establish it, owing to the absolute impossibility of carrying on the service without it. Troops have mutinied in a most remarkable and disgraceful manner, and having nearly disgraced this country and the nation in the service of whose Government they were acting. It has been necessary therefore, to re-establish it in that army in which it had been discontinued. In consequence of the feeling of the Government, of Parliament, and the public upon it, I have taken upon myself to give an order greatly to diminish its severity, and I hope that, with that arrangement which may be made in future in the alteration of the law, it may be still further diminished, so as to lead at last to its final discontinuance. But I beg your lordships to observe this, that, if you are to have an army, you must have it in a state of discipline. You must have it in a state of subordination to command and obedience to the state. This country does not like an army under any circumstances. But in no part of it will it bear any but the best troops. You must have the very best in every part of the country—of the world I may say—in which they are employed. You require the best services from them. They must be in a state of discipline, subordination, and order, if they are to be of service to the country. I assure you that the troops are now at this moment daily in the performance of services which you would not require—nay, I go further, and say that you could not have them from any other troops in the world. They are constantly in the course of embarkation to escort convicts from this country to Australia. Small detachments of infantry troops going over under the command of a subaltern, in charge of 300, 400, or 500 convicts. But I do not recollect a single instance of any unfortunate occurrence upon any one of those occasions, and this is going on every day. If any accident happens, such as shipwreck, they act in the most admirable manner, and I find that they acquire the confidence of all. I have had occasion to report not less than three instances of the occurrence of those misfortunes, and I say that the conduct of these officers to her Majesty has been such as to end in the saving of every individual on board when those misfortunes happened. These are cases which I mention because I entreat your lordships not to allow yourselves to think you can have an army or derive the services you do from the army now in the Queen's service if, unfortunately, they are not in a state of discipline and habits of subordination and good order. Rely upon it, I will do what I have always done, diminish this punishment as far as possible, and I hope I shall live to see it abolished altogether.

On Thursday, Mr. ESCOTT moved for the following returns: he did not know what objection there could be to granting them—A return of persons flogged in the Army in Great Britain and Ireland in the years 1845 and 1846, to the end of July; specifying, 1. The offence. 2. The regiment, the place of station, the time. 3. The sentence. 4. The order for its execution. 5. Whether the trials were open to the public, or only open to the regiment, or with closed doors. 6. The number of lashes inflicted, and the day. 7. How soon after punishment the man was able to return to his duty, and at what place he was then quartered. 8. Whether death has followed within twelve months of the flogging, and the date of such death. 9. Whether the punishment was inflicted, if in Cavalry regiments, by the trumpeters or farriers; if in Infantry regiments, by the privates or drummers; and with what instrument. 10. Copies of the surgeon's minutes of all such punishments, and any subsequent observations on their consequences.

Mr. FOX MAULE offered several objections,—that the returns would be needlessly minute, impracticable to furnish, sometimes fallacious.

Desultory remarks followed.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL remarked, that compliance with the motion might lead to very erroneous comparison: a regiment might at one time be kept in very good order without corporal punishment, yet under other circumstances punishment might be necessary for the maintenance of discipline.

Mr. WAKLEY thought the refusal spoke even more eloquently than the returns themselves could do. He had heard it said, that unless in very rare instances the full punishment of fifty lashes would be inflicted.

Mr. CHARLES BULLER said there was no wish to withhold information; but Government objected to grant a return calculated to mislead the public. He agreed that there ought to be some general rule regulating this system of punishment; and he believed that measures were taken by authority to the effect that the instrument inflicting the punishment should be in accordance with some fixed regulation.

Mr. ESCOTT remarked, that he was disposed to put confidence in the Government. But in withholding this information, as well as in some other courses to which they seemed addicted, they were destroying the confidence of the House

and of the country: he told them so in no unfriendly spirit, and they would hear more of it before long.

The motion was considerably altered, and, as amended, agreed to.

INDEPENDENCE OF CRACOW.

August 11.

Lord BEAUMONT moved for the production of the correspondence which had passed between this country and Russia, Prussia, and Austria, relative to the military occupation of Cracow—England was a party to the treaty by which the independence of Cracow was guaranteed. In one article of the treaty it was said, "Les Polonais sujets respectifs de la Russie, de l'Autriche, et de la Prusse, obtiendront une représentation et des institutions nationales." The treaty went on to specify that the three powers were bound to respect the independence of Cracow—"La ville de Cracovie avec son territoire sera envisagée comme cite libre, indépendante, et neutre." And then it added this remarkable passage—"Aucune force armée ne pourra jamais y être introduite sous quelque prétexte que ce soit." Lord Beaumont adduced details connected with the recent insurrection in Posen and Galicia, implying that Austria for her own purposes had encouraged rather than discouraged the revolutionary spirit. He dwelt particularly upon the fact that the Austrian troops had been withdrawn from Cracow, taking the local authorities with them, after the first occupation; thus inviting, as it were, the insurgents to proceed with their revolt. He denounced the subsequent occupation of the town as a direct breach of the treaty of Vienna, and contended that England was bound to see that the terms of the treaty were carried out. Had an English Consul been accredited to Cracow, it might have been the means of restraining the disgraceful excesses which had been committed.

The Marquis of LANDSDOWNE had no objection to produce extracts from the correspondence which had taken place—The republic of Cracow derived an independent existence from treaty; and it was the duty of the states who were parties to that arrangement to see that the conditions were fully, fairly, and permanently carried into effect. The Austrian troops did not enter Cracow till the local authorities had declared their inability to suppress the disorders which had occurred. He could not assign a reason why that body of well-appointed troops should have left Cracow as they did; but after their departure, events occurred which rendered reoccupation necessary. The Russians came first, then the Prussians, and next the Austrians. For reasons which he did not know, the Russian and Prussian forces left Cracow to the charge of the Austrians. There must, however, be a limit to that occupation. Lord Lansdowne did not believe that the atrocities which occurred in Galicia met with the sanction of such a Government as he knew Austria to be.

The Duke of WELLINGTON concurred in the sentiments expressed by Lord Lansdowne—"It was clear that, under the treaty, Cracow could not be occupied by foreign troops; but when that treaty was made, the state of things which existed when the recent occupation took place, was not contemplated. It was not thought possible that committees would be sitting in many of the great metropolises of Europe in order to carry on a secret conspiracy, and to organise insurrection against an actual government of a country; which occurred in this very city of Cracow; and this circumstance could not have been foreseen at the time of the treaty of Vienna. It was quite certain that the measures adopted as to Cracow were contrary to the treaty, and could only be justified by the circumstances of the time. He had no hesitation in saying, that if ever a breach of treaty was justifiable, it was the one which had occurred. But it was not to be supposed that because the Austrians were left alone in Cracow, therefore the independence of that town was destroyed. He did not know what existing circumstances there were; but he understood, when he was in her Majesty's councils, that the three Sovereigns had then under their consideration measures for re-establishing an independent government in the town of Cracow, and placing it in a state of independence; and of course the old articles of the treaty would be revived, and no troops would remain in the place."

Lord KINNAIRD expressed similar views to Lord Beaumont on the subject of Austria—"It was admitted that a conspiracy did exist in Cracow: but neither the Marquis of Lansdowne nor the Duke of Wellington could explain, why the Austrian troops, together with all the local authorities, left the town as they did. Lord Kinnaird knew from history, and from the mode of government adopted by foreign powers, that it not unfrequently happened—and he believed it was so in the present case—that they deemed that the best means of quashing a conspiracy was urging it on, and bringing it to a head.

Lord Beaumont's motion was agreed to.

THE IRISH ARMS BILL.

From the Spectator, August 15.

The Whig Ministers have been fairly frightened from their adherence to the Irish Arms Bill, by the unpleasant and threatening symptoms of dislike which it provoked in all quarters. The concession was extorted from them on Monday last; it is to be accomplished on Monday next, by a distinct abandonment of the most odious clauses. The Premier, or the Irish Secretary, had made a grand mistake in consenting to renew an old measure of coercion; but there could be mistake as to the expression of feeling which it elicited. Mr. Thomas Duncombe began, no doubt; but the dislike is not at all confined to Radicals: Member after Member started up, in every part,—Radicals, like Mr. Hume; independent Whig-Radicals, like Mr. Bernal Osborne; decided Ministerialists, like Mr. Protheroe, with expressions of regretful censure; Liberal Conservatives, like Mr. Bickham Escott; thorough Tories, like Colonel Sibthorp, with satisfaction at the discomfiture of the Liberal Ministers. The feeling was not merely dislike to the measure, but it was also a very strong sense that those who opposed the last Ministers on the Coercion Bill would stultify themselves by abetting the present Ministers on the Arms Bill, or would confess that they were actuated by the most shameful motives of faction; and there was further a strong surprise that Lord John Russell had so soon forgot the profession of equal laws for Ireland and England which he and Sir Robert Peel chanted in concert. The Times, now the staunchest supporter of Government among the journals, apologizes for the discrepancy as peculiarly belonging to Irish affairs: it is called an illustration of "the eternal difficulties which beset the government of Ireland." This "inconsistency of profession and of action in the government of Ireland," it is observed, "seems to be the invariable condition, not only of legislating, but of speaking and thinking on the Irish subject." The inconsistency, however, does not lie in the Irish nature of the subject, but it is a matter of parties in Parliament: the illustration applies to the recklessness with which men of fair pretension to high understanding and feeling strive to turn every incident against their party opponents. Now that the Whigs themselves are Ministers, they are sensitively alive to the responsibilities of the position, to the inconvenience of relinquishing any resource of executive power, and to the praiseworthy motives which may dictate coercion. While they were on one

side of the House, they slavishly pursued the routine of an opposition; now that they are on the other side, they are inclined slavishly to follow the routine of office. This ought to be a lesson to statesmen, teaching them that the indiscriminate vilifications current in opposition is not only degrading and immoral, but in the long run counter to self-interest. One friendly commentator, is charmed at the "cheerful promptitude" with which Ministers, have given up certain parts of the Arms Bill—presumed to be the branding of arms and the domiciliary visits: we are more struck with their reawakening to a sensible view of their own interests. It is well that they should do so. The utter failure of this Ministry would be a most untoward occurrence; precipitating events, and visiting the history of the country with a kind of predigestion. But to steer a safe course they must indeed be vigilant and energetic. In staving off present difficulties, or doing their best to conciliate favour, they have laid in a heavy store of promises for next season—the last of an expiring Parliament, and the immediate precursor of the great 'appeal to the country': they have pledged themselves to the materials for an enormous programme, to accomplish which they will need every resource of favourable prestige and unimpaired strength. This incident of the Arms Bill has been a most critical one. Their position baited on every side, and yielding concessions less with 'cheerful promptitude' than with slow reluctance, has resembled their state in the declining years of the Melbourne Administration, rather than that command of unquestioning confidence that they recently possessed on entering office. We hope they have retrieved their position in time: but these mistakes could not be repeated with impunity.

Rome.—It is difficult to keep pace with the progress of the new policy in Rome. Pius the Ninth is said to have declared that he takes for his guide the New Testament; and thus far his policy seems to be animated by the highest spirit of that volume. He has not only released all political prisoners and pardoned refugees, but he has furnished them public money to return home, and has received the more able and earnest of the pardoned revolutionists into favour—examining their claims and suggestions, applauding some, and even putting his approval in the substantial form of a medal. With all this, there is a moderation, an absence of ostentatious display in the thorough overturning of all past policy, that helps to remove doubts as to the reality of the Pontiff's liberal intentions. The extreme popularity that he has attained, on the instant, appears to have provoked no serious counteraction among the Conservative party in Rome, which might have been presumed to be at once bigoted and powerful. There is a strong sense not only of the Pontiff's honesty and benevolence but also of his ability and courage. It seems that if any party entertains a secret wish to resist him, none dare to do so. Unflinching courage is an essential quality in all great statesmanship.

MARRIED.—On the 30th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Hatfield, Mr. Robert Patterson to Miss Ann Eliza Brown, all of this city.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9½ a 9½ per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1846.

So the "flogging" jeremiade is commenced again in England; the last time that it occupied the public attention for any great while was when the "Rat" Sir Francis Burdett was great in the imagination of the Westminster Electors, and he was doing his best to keep up his popularity in that noisy region of electioneering. "Flogging in the public service" has been so often and so authoritatively contested that the public service required this power, and that the exercise of it under sound discretion was necessary for that discipline, the absence of which would be ill compensated by the enlargement or the introduction of any other quality, that we wonder the many whose business it is to think for the rest, to legislate for the rest, do not take pains to examine and enquire for themselves before they permit each other to break out as they do. So also of the Duke, they imagine that they have brought him to their way of thinking, when they perceive that he concludes his speech in Parliament by saying "I hope I shall live to see it abolished altogether." So it is, and Mrs. Thrale tells us truly that "the love of life increases with years;" if the Duke's hope and intention is commensurate with his belief, he will have the prospect of a good old age before him. The opponents of the punishment fasten on the Duke's last sentence as if it contained all the pith and marrow of the speech, but it is not the case; he not only maintains its necessity towards the maintenance of discipline, but also gives allusions to its re-application in departments of the army where it had been discontinued. That the Duke of Wellington neither is nor ever was unnecessarily cruel, and no one will attempt to deny it who has at least sought to develop his Grace's causes of action, and that he should try to pull down the number of lashes given at each punishment is no more than was to be expected of him, so conscious is he of the army having the means of changing the style of punishment for others which the navy have not; but we find that he neither has the intention, nor has hopes, of taking the power away from Courts-martial. For observe his constant vigilance after discipline, how all-important does he consider it in the army, and how coldly does he view all the parts of it as parts of the same machinery, to injure which in any place were to injure the whole;—and see again the speech of Sir Charles Napier, whilst distributing medals, he spoke to the following effect of discipline:—

"Soldiers! the battle of Meeanee is among those of which history will speak as proving the superiority of discipline over numbers; and it is well, soldiers, that we should dwell upon these things. * * Had we been without discipline, valour alone would not have won the victories of Meeanee and Hyderabad! Valour is like the strength of a man: discipline is like his mind, that directs his strength to effective exertion. * * When an army is disciplined, the ponderous charges of cavalry, the steady tramp of the advancing infantry, preparing to charge with a mighty shout, and the rolling thunder of artillery pouring forth its iron shower, all combine simultaneously to strike and overthrow the enemy. Thus, soldiers, are medals won, more by discipline than by any extraordinary efforts of individual courage. To reward this obedience medals are bestowed, so that every man who wears this honoured badge is known to the

world as one who, in the midst of the noise, the danger, and the confusion of battle, had obeyed his orders and performed the three great duties of a soldier. * * The medal tells the world that he has bravely done these things, and no man can walk with one of these medals on his breast without feeling the conscious pride of an intrepid soldier! His caste may be high caste, or it may be low caste, but the soldier who bears on his breast a medal won in battle is above all the castes in the world."

As for "flogging" on board the fleet, we need scarcely advert to it, as that species of punishment is virtually given up to the Naval Commander, who rarely has to explain further than as his log explains why, when, and to what extent the punishment was inflicted. The punishment is then in itself merciful, as it prevents many an evil of great magnitude which in its absence would take place.

We cannot understand why the Protectionist journals (by which we mean those which are of old Tory kidney) are strongly opposed to the truth being known, or the fact being so generally appreciated, that the potato crop is so very bad a blight, or that the want of the Potato is so very important to the condition of the poorer classes in general or of the Irish classes in particular. In all those papers there is either a disclaimer that such is the condition of the crop, and not unfrequently they are placed in juxtaposition with the report of other crops which are well spoken of, and thus considered to be well when they are not so. But read the Irish accounts, read of the well-arranged proceedings of the late (Peel) ministry, and see how well *prevented* were the mishaps which must otherwise have reflected sufferings "sad and drear" on the unhappy Irish, as well as upon the working classes in England. Sufferings *prevented* are never bruited, but when similar are to happen again, as there is likelihood there will be this season, then the wisdom and the forethought of those gone by, and basely deserted will be brought to mind.

RAMBLES IN VERMONT.—No. III.

We have too long detained our readers at Manchester, but as we had that infliction ourselves we shall not be sorry to share a little of it with them. But do not imagine, good friends, that because this is a quiet, secluded little village, you are to conclude it an ennuyeux tiresome place. We speak of the difficulties of removal, not of the heaviness of the locality, and would have you to understand that Manchester is actually a "love of a place," to any one of either a romantic turn or having a taste for solitude and reflection. The only places here, however, when the hum of the many may be heard, are the temples of religion, the court-house of the township, and the Collegiate Institute; for be it known to you that so strictly is Temperance enforced, that the only hotel in the place may in strictness be called a boarding-house. Wine and liquors are not to be found there, and as for the beer we—but we forbear "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*." The village is exceedingly healthy, and is well adapted for Collegiate Institute which stands just without the precincts, on an inclined plane with an eastern aspect. It bears an excellent reputation, and is largely encouraged; if we may judge of the whole Institution from our limited knowledge of the respected Principal, Rev. Mr. I. Wickham, and his amiable family, our praise would be of no very limited expansion. The number of pupils at present is about 150, and they board either with the Principal or in the village, yet in either case are under his supervision and authority.

But although Manchester proper is so quiet, its neighbourhood abounds in trout streams, and there is good shooting in every direction around it. Even the wild cat or catamount may be found occasionally (not often though) in the woods; and this reminds us of a circumstance which awakened our curiosity and finally excited a smile. Within a short distance of Manchester is "Factory Point," a busy little place, almost a business antipodes of the quiet spot just described. Here, as we were looking about us, we espied a wooden sign hung out, with the date of 1845 painted thereon. The design of the artist, to our un-instructed eyes, was that of a half-expiring wild cat, upon which a carrion crow was perched, the claws of the unclean bird were dug into the sides of the wretched quadruped and the gore was following in streams down the animal's sides, the crow meanwhile exercising all its means of offence by pecking at the cat's neck. Our first idea was that here was the catastrophe of some wild animal which had infested the neighbourhood and done some mischief, and that the commemoration of the event and its history upon the sign-board of a country public house, would be an attraction to wayfarers and be an excellent nucleus for a village gossip. But, alas!—on farther contemplation of this specimen of art, it turned out to be the British Lion expiring under the fangs of the American Eagle, and was intended to point out the fate impending over John Bull in the event of hostilities respecting—Oregon. Happily we knew that the question was settled, when we came to understand the—lesson, and we could quietly smile at dangers avoided.

By the time the traveller reaches the township of Manchester he is fairly in the region of Marble, of which abundant quarries exist of various degrees of excellence, in the mountains on the western side of the valley up to Vergennes if not farther. About 7 miles from Manchester is Dorset mountain, of great height, its top being nearly 4000 feet above the level of the sea—but indeed the valley itself is here at least 700 feet above that level. There are many marble quarries in this mountain, some of which yield marble exquisitely white, but not very fine or very close in the grain.

Up "Dorset Mount" we shall recommend the explorer to travel, it is a breather to be sure, but it will well repay the trouble of ascending it. In the first place wheresoever he stops on the ascent to draw breath he sees below expanding the beautiful valley, rich with nature's and the agriculturist's cares, shewing every deck of culture, of herbage, of colour, and of the meandering of streams, that look like a beautiful picture rendered the less by being looked at through the concave end of a spy-glass. He treads as he advances up the

mountain deeper and deeper upon soil that has been thickened every year by the shedding of vegetable matter from above, and is rank with richness. He gets about two thirds up and finds himself at a cave similar to what has been already described at Bennington, and in which are apartment beyond apartment so numerous that persons have actually been exploring the cave more than four hours together without coming to the end of their researches, and in which stalactytes and other embellishments are not wanting to make the objects agreeable to the vision. More than once parties have advanced into this cave in which the flame has refused to glow, and which they have only persevered in by having relays of guides placed to guide the necessity, if it should be found to exist, of their way out. But what is this—a freak of nature—compared with the beauty which is just without the cave.

Looking towards the eastward from the mouth of the cave, there is a magnificent prospect indeed. The green mountains have a *nolet* just here, and the delighted eye looks over five clear mountain ranges, entirely cross the Vermont, and the New Hampshire States to the entire eastern boundary of the latter. No contemplation of the Ocean gives any thing like so clear an idea of *Space* as the looking over so many mountain ridges, and looking over so great extent of country, then cast your eyes down, and consider the valley through which you have threaded your way to the mountain-foot, it appears so pretty, and you see all the particulars so clear that it is like a model of the route you have come, and you have all your ideas of the past refreshed by the scene before you. We gazed on this beautiful scene till remembered by the long shadows which were thrown across the eastern mountains, and the sombre appearance of the valley itself that the sun would presently retire behind the western hills, and that we might as well be gone. It should be observed here that the farmer is too greedy to possess lands here, and that he has more in each charge than he does justice to. He farms but slovenly, and the land could bear twice the produce it does if it were in more hands and had justice done to its capabilities. The sheep in this part also, seems to have but scant justice done to its value as stock. It is not unusual here, for the farmer having marked his sheep, to turn them loose to graze in the forests; here they get lost, a catamount or two kill one, a snake kills another, two or three more are found a year after dead at the mountain tops, having lost their way and want of provender has befallen them, they have been known by their marks; they have been denuded of half their fleeces by the bushes and underwood. Thus the sheep in this part of the country are but poorly cared for, and they are but poor food indeed when they happen to be served up as such.

From hence (Manchester) to Rutland is but 32 miles, and it requires a mail coach and four horses to take 7 1-2 hours to travel it. It is always done towards the North in the night between 7 P.M. and 3 1-2 A.M., the following morning, and we cannot help thinking might be done both with more pleasure and more profit to the coach-master if it were much better contrived. On this portion of the road there is much on which we might comment, and perhaps we may ere we have bestowed all our insipidity on our readers, for there is first a lake (which the neighbours call a Pond) nearly filled up, secondly an iron work at Danby, thirdly a delightful retrospect of human kindness in which a rich uncle has divided his substance among twelve relatives and sees them enjoy it while yet he lives to observe it, this at Walingford, and fourthly a charming resort of "Springs" at a village called ———, before yet we get to Rutland.

Mr. Lover has just arrived among us, we know not that it will be necessary to say more than that he is the author and the composer of the most excellent songs which are at present extant among us. He intends, we believe, giving some of his exquisite "Irish Nights" entertainments, which, if we may credit reports from home, are unsurpassed by those who attempt to amuse the entire evening. That we shall presently know, but the *prestige* at present is that we are on the eve of having through him enjoyments of the highest *goût*.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

The Utica precocious musicians made a great hit of it on Tuesday night at the Apollo, the Rooms were well filled, with a very critical audience, consisting of a large proportion of musical persons, who expressed great delight in the performances of the young persons.

New Music.—Just published by W. E. Millett, at his Music Saloon, 329 Broadway:—

"The Redowa" and "The Kate Waltz," as performed at the Rooms at Newport and at Saratoga, and as danced there. They are graceful in the style of their *motifs* and will be much admired in the *salons* of private life.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—For the reasons we gave last week, we hope that the theatre-goers and all persons who have a taste for the drama will continue to flock to the Park Theatre so long as the Keans continue to play there. In Kean himself they will see the characters there sustained by him, as conventionally understood by the audiences of those characters, whilst in those of the *role* of Mrs. Kean they will see *the woman* as she at all times is seen under the phase of human nature at that time under exhibition. Much disparity as there is apparently between the characters of Gloster and of the Queen Elizabeth Woodville, as drawn by the Bard, yet the disparity is lessened much by the styles in which they are played, and we are sometimes afflicted with much regret that the Elizabeth as *now* played by Mrs. Kean is *not* the Elizabeth played by her on the first night of its performance here. The mother—the bereaved mother

—altogether took away the *prestige* of the part of Gloster from the general performance, and the little bit given to Mrs. Kean to sustain was well worth all the rest of the "mangled up" play. The Keans have played in Ion, the Hunchback, and the Shakespeare great comedies since last we spoke of them, but they have not yet done the "King John," which is by no means one of the worst, and has by no means been taken to pieces so much by pseudo-amenders as some other plays; but the "King John" ought to be well cast, and it should be well played by all the characters. See the Bastard, the Eleanor, the Constance, the Arthur, the Hubert, as well as the John, all of which are required to be good of their kind. The Park was exceedingly well filled in all parts of the house, on Wednesday evening, when Mrs. Kean was greatly admired as Clarissa in "The Barrack Room," she made one or two taking hits, especially when she pointed out the cigar as the enemy. Kean was called out in the Richard.

Niblo's Garden.—We need not mention the Blangy and the Ravels, they are known to fill the house every night of performance, but we are glad to perceive so much pains taken with the dramatic nights—the comical nights, as they may expressively be named. The Crisps took their benefit on Wednesday night with Tobin's play of the "Honeymoon," in which the parts were well filled by Messrs. Vandenhoff, Jr., Crisp, Chippendale, &c., the house was crammed. We perceive by the bills that Messrs. Holland, Vandenhoff, Miss Taylor and Phillips are engaged, and that, if possible, this Garden is not to be beaten in Comedy any more than it has yet been by any other attraction for which it has been hitherto celebrated.

The Ravels have calculated well that their past attractions and performances would be well received and deemed all-sufficient for the season, but we think that gratitude for the favor with which they have always been received ought to dictate that at least one novelty ought to be presented by them, sufficiently good to have a run before they retire altogether.

Bowery Theatre.—Miss Julia Dean still continues to attract large and fashionable audiences at this theatre. On Monday evening she took her benefit, and had for her bill "The Stranger," and "The Honeymoon," in which she enacted the parts of Mrs. Haller and Juliana very creditably. She has appeared also in the "Wife," and "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Neafe, who is quite a favorite here, played the principal male characters with Miss Dean, very successfully.

Chatham Theatre.—"The Bride's Journey, or the Seven Escapes of Adelaide of Dresden," is still the chief attraction at this theatre. It is filled with picturesque scenes and startling tableaux, and well suited to the Chatham. The principal characters are ably sustained by Messrs. De Bar, Johnston, Winans, Mrs. Flynn, Mrs. Greene, and Miss Anna Cruise. During the piece Miss Cruise sings a mock Italian song very cleverly, and dances a comic Polka with Mr. Winans, which never fails to receive an encore. We advise those who have not yet seen this play to go at once.—We understand that a new Melo-Dramatic Spectacle is in rehearsal, entitled "The Man of the Mountain, or the Summed Girl of Egypt," and will shortly be produced, replete with exciting and interesting effects, gorgeous tableaux, &c.

Greenwich Theatre.—This beautiful little theatre continues to gain nightly in public favor. Mrs. George Jones commenced an engagement here on Monday last, and was very warmly received. She appeared in "The Rent Day," playing the part of Rachel Heywood very effectively. They have an excellent company here, embracing Messrs. Freer, Stevens, Tilton, and H. Chapman.

Literary Notices.

The Harpers have published a new number of their beautiful *Pictorial History of England*, a work that ought assuredly to find access to every homestead in the country; it is richly embellished.

Foster's Lives of the Statesmen of the English Commonwealth.—No. 3.—This renowned work should find a place in every gentleman's library; it exhibits life-like portraits of the great men of England's most memorable crisis—the era of the Commonwealth. Harper & Brothers publishers.

Martin the Foundling, or Memoirs of a Valet de Chambre.—No. 3.—This latest production of Eugene Sue, presents a new series of pictures, wholly of a different caste with those of his previous works. The Harpers issue these numbers with illustrations; price 6 cents.

Harper's Illuminated Shakespeare.—Nos. 107-8.—This splendid edition is nearly at its close, its illustrations are redolent of wit and spirit. We again commend it to the notice of our friends generally.

New Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil; with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory and a Metrical Index.—By Charles Anthon, L.L.D.—Harpers.—Here is another most valuable contribution to the cause of classical learning, by the able and indefatigable Professor of Greek and Latin in Columbia College. It presents the requisite pastorals of Virgil in such a form to the student as must awaken his enthusiasm and aid his progress in reading them. All difficulties, either grammatical or metrical, have been removed, and an immense amount of information on topics connected with them has been given in the Notes. The student is thus able to read them with ease, and at the same time with a full appreciation of their peculiar excellence. The volume is handsomely printed, in a style uniform with that of Anthon's classical series, and will, beyond all doubt, speedily find its way into our Classical Schools.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

"The Lanes of Cricket."—By G. A. Barber.—Toronto: 1845.—This publication is one tissue of mistake and interpolation in the most essential parts

and it is rendered worse by the annotations which the compiler has here and there made upon certain rules. If we understand the *cause* of publication aright, it has been intended to render more familiar to the comprehension of the practising cricketer the style of the original laws, but he has in many cases perverted the meaning, in some cases he has essentially changed the meaning, and throughout has done evil to the cause of cricket, though his principle bears the reigning one in his vicinity. In his No. XX., which is the original XIX., he says "if in the act of running or otherwise, either batsman *intentionally* prevent a catch." Now there is no such word in the original law as *intentionally*. The batsman is bound to give way, and if in any wise he prevents the catching of the ball, the *striker* is out. Mr B.'s animadversions on this law have in no small measure created the late disagreement between the U. S. and the Canadian Players. As we may probably have much to say this winter, on the laws of the game, and the methods of practice, we shall therein take the liberty to discuss at large the particular rules, and the annotations to which we decidedly object in the work before us.

CRICKET MATCH AT COBOURG.

COBOURG, Aug. 28, 1846.

To the Editor of the Anglo American:—

Sir,—You will oblige an old Subscriber by publishing the following Match which came off here on Wednesday the 26th of August, between the Junior Club of Cobourg and the Mechanics' Club of the same place. The wickets were pitched at half-past one o'clock, and play commenced at two. The day was fine and the ground in good order. A large number of spectators were on the field to witness this game, which they all expected would have been a hard contested one, but the young Mechanics beat them easy, with six wickets to go down. The Juniors found that they had to give way to the splendid play of Hewitt, Jesc and Miller, not forgetting Hyatt, who is a regular slasher, and promising to be one of the greatest players on this side of the Atlantic. The young Mechanics won the toss, but being a little timid they allowed the Juniors to take the first innings. Although the Juniors had the best of it in the commencement, the young Mechanics made such fine play in their second innings that they beat them easy, with less than half their force, to the great surprise of all present. Fortune had seemed to frown on the young Club, but the splendid fielding they displayed soon turned the game in their favour, Hewitt having caught four of their best bats with their adding but six to their score. But Fortune is truly a fickle Goddess, and when apparently in her worst mood she is sometimes meditating a kindness; for with her favours and their own fine play, the Mechanics beat the Juniors easy, for which they cannot have too much praise bestowed on them.

The following is the score of the Match:—

JUNIOR CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
H. Calcutt, run out	0	b. Jesc	0
G. Buck, run out	0	leg before wicket	7
T. Broughall, b. Hewitt	0	run out	1
Boulter, b. Jesc	13	c. Hewitt	3
Van Ingen c. Hyatt	1	c. Salsbury	1
J. Hudspeth, b. Miller	10	run out	12
F. Butler, b. Jesc	0	not out	0
C. Weller, b. Jesc	4	c. Hewitt	0
J. Croft, not out	3	leg before wicket	9
G. Alexander, b. Jesc	2	c. Hewitt	1
H. Burnbury, b. Miller	2	c. Hewitt	2
Byes	10	Byes	4
Wide Balls	1	Wide Balls	3
Total	46	Total	43

MECHANICS CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
R. Hyatt, b. Buck	17	s. o. Hudspeth	15
E. Miller, b. Buck	4	b. Buck	4
H. Battle, b. Calcutt	2	b. Calcutt	9
W. Young, c. Burnbury	0	not out	6
G. Hayden, b. Calcutt	0		
W. Hewitt, c. Van Ingen	5	b. Calcutt	17
W. Jesc, c. Calcutt	0	not out	1
P. McCallum, b. Buck	1		
W. Swain, c. Hudspeth	3		
C. Feild, run out	1		
J. Salsbury, not out	0		
Byes	1	Byes	3
Wide Balls	1	Wide Balls	0
Total	35	Total	55

I remain yours &c.

X.Y.Z.

GENTLEMEN v. THE PLAYERS.

This contest, for years the most interesting of the season, drew together several thousands of spectators at Lord's, on Monday, among whom we noticed nearly every nobleman and gentleman who is a patron of, or participator in the game, as well as numbers who were attracted by the celebrity of the parties composing the respective elevens. The match was not concluded till Wednesday, at five o'clock, and during its progress the interest increased; indeed, we do not remember any similar occasion wherein so much excitement has been manifested. The Players having won the toss, at nearly one o'clock Dean and Martingell took their stations at the wickets, few more balls Mr. Mynn slipped into Dean's wicket; one wicket down Mr. A. Mynn and Sir F. Bathurst being the bowlers. Mr. Mynn gave the first over to Martingell, and he obtained one run to the leg the fourth ball. Sir Frederick bowled his over without a run, and Mr. Mynn the same to Dean. Martingell obtained two to the leg from Sir Frederick, but after a

and six runs. Box filled the vacancy, and began with a three to the leg from Mr. Mynn; Martingell one in the same place, and then one on the on side from Sir Frederick; two byes were obtained from Mr. Mynn soon after. Box was then caught by the long-stop, Mr. W. Mynn, from his brother; two wickets, and 11 runs. Guy joined Martingell, and began with a one from Sir Frederick forward, and then made a beautiful cut from Mr. Mynn, but only one was obtained. Guy then made two to the leg from Sir Frederick, and followed with a three in the same place. Martingell drove Sir Frederick forward for three, and then drew Mr. Mynn to the leg for one; Guy two in the same place, from the same bowler, and then a beautiful cut, but the celebrated Mr. Pickering being there only one was obtained. In the next over Sir Frederick got about Martingell's sticks; three wickets, and 29 runs. Parr was called for to join Guy, but Sir Frederick sent him back without troubling the scorers, which made way for Butler, who began with a one to the leg from Mr. Mynn; Guy two in the same place, and followed it up with two more from Sir Frederick. Butler made two twos and a single, when Mr. Mynn sent his stumps flying; five wickets, and 39 runs. Clarke faced Guy, when the latter made two to the off, and followed it up with two more from Sir Frederick, but was nearly run out. Clarke began with a one to the leg from Sir Frederick. Guy the same, but in the next over Mr. Mynn sent Clarke to the right about, he having played the ball on the wicket; six wickets down, and 49 runs. Sewell joined Guy, and began with a two in the slip from Sir Frederick, and then drove Mr. Mynn for one; Guy a cut for one from Mr. Mynn, and then one to the leg from Sir Frederick; Sewell one in the same place, and then drove Mr. Mynn forward for three, followed it up with two to the leg from Sir Frederick, another single in the same place, and then played the ball into his wicket from Mr. Mynn; 63 runs, and seven wickets down. Dorrington faced Guy, who sent Sir Frederick round to the leg for three; after a few more balls Sir Frederick settled Guy's account, which proved to be 25, with two threes, five twos, and nine singles. Hillyer now made his appearance, and began with a three from Mr. Mynn, when dinner was announced. After the repast Hillyer made one the first ball from Mr. Mynn, and Dorrington led off with a cut for four, but in the next over Hillyer was caught by Mr. W. Mynn, the long-stop, from Sir Frederick; and Lillywhite, the last man, came, and began with a single from Mr. Mynn, and then hit Sir Frederick round to the leg for three. In the next over Mr. Mynn got up against Dorrington's wicket, the ball having hit his leg. Lillywhite bringing out his bat, and the innings amounting to 85. The Gentlemen sent in Messrs. W. Mynn and Haygarth, Clarke and Hillyer bowling. Clarke bowled the first over to Mr. W. Mynn, and three were obtained to the leg the first ball; Mr. Haygarth led off with a single, and Mr. W. Mynn made two more singles, when Clarke got against his wicket, the ball having hit his foot; one wicket, and six runs. Mr. Felix filled the vacancy, and in the next over Mr. Haygarth took liberties, got off his ground, and Box stumped him; two wickets, and six runs. Mr. A. Mynn came next, and sent Clarke off for three, but the ball being overthrown he got six for it, and the next ball from Clarke he got four; Mr. Felix led off with four singles, when Lillywhite took up the bowling at Clarke's end; Mr. Mynn made three more, when he was caught by Butler, the long-stop, from Hillyer; three wickets down, and 24 runs. Mr. Taylor joined Mr. Felix, and began playing very steadily; the former made another two, when Hillyer caught him from his own bowling; four wickets down, and 26 runs. Mr. W. Pickering joined Mr. Taylor, and the latter began with three singles; Mr. Pickering led off with a three, but soon after, Guy caught him at the point from Hillyer; five wickets, and 32 runs. Mr. Napper faced Mr. Taylor, but Hillyer sent him back without scoring, and his place was supplied by Mr. Long, when some very fine play took place between him and Mr. Taylor, singles being the order for some time. At last Mr. Taylor drove Lillywhite for three, and followed it up for four, and soon after gave a chance, which was not taken. Mr. Long made a beautiful cut for three, and then gave a chance, but was also missed. Clarke took up the bowling again, and soon after got into Mr. Taylor's wicket, but not before he had placed 23 on the score, with one four, one three, two twos, and singles. Hon. R. Grimston joined Mr. Long, and commenced with a two from Clarke; Mr. Long drove Hillyer forward for five, amidst loud cheering. Mr. Grimston made another single and then got off his ground, and was stumped by Box from Clarke; eight wickets down, and 87 runs. Sir F. Bathurst then faced Mr. Long, and led off with a three from Clarke, the first ball, Mr. Long still getting ones and twos. Dean took up the bowling at Hillyer's end, when Sir Frederick sent him round to the leg for two; he made another three, when he was bowled by Clarke; nine wickets down, and 100 runs. Mr. Nicholson was the last, and began with a three to the leg from Clarke, and followed it up with a single; Mr. Long made two more singles, when he got off his ground, and was stumped by Box from Clarke, Mr. Nicholson bringing out his bat. This innings amounted to 105, being 20 ahead of the Players, thus ending the first day's play. Mr. Long's score was 34, including one five, one four, three threes, two twos, and twelve singles.

Second Day.—The play was resumed on Tuesday by the appearance of Clarke and Martingell at the wickets, Sir F. Bathurst and Mr. A. Mynn handling the ball. Clarke made a beautiful cut, but the ball was well fielded by Mr. Taylor, but not being backed up, two runs were made. Clarke made another single from Mr. Mynn, but was caught at the point by Mr. Felix from Sir Frederick; one wicket, and 3 runs. He was succeeded by Guy, and then commenced some of the finest batting of the match; but, singular to say, both he and Martingell were eventually run out. Guy commenced with a one from Sir Frederick, and the ball being overthrown he got two; in the next over Martingell drove Mr. Mynn forward for two and two to the leg. Sir Frederick's next over was bowled without a run, when Guy made a beautiful cut for three from Mr. Mynn, Martingell four in the slip from the same bowler, and Guy one to the leg from Sir Frederick, the 20 being now rubbed off. Guy got one to the leg, and Martingell the same, singles being the order for some time. Mr. Taylor took up the bowling at Sir Frederick's end, and Guy made a splendid hit to the leg, but only two was scored, though the ball hit the tennis court and bounded back.

They went on rather rapidly at this time, Guy making a cut to the off for two from Mr. Mynn, Martingell one from Taylor, and Guy the same. Guy then made a beautiful hit to the leg from Mr. Mynn for three, and then a cut from Mr. Taylor for one; Martingell sent Mr. Taylor round to the leg for three, and Guy one in the same place. Ones were the order again for some time, Martingell getting nine running; he then made a hit to the leg from Mr. Taylor and got one, and, in trying for the second, was run out, after putting 26 on the score in a splendid manner, with one four, one three, two twos, and fifteen singles; two wickets, and 63 runs. Parr

joined Guy, and Sir Frederick took up the bowling again. Parr began with a one, and followed it with another to the leg, Guy doing the same; four byes were now obtained, when Parr made a splendid hit to the leg, when only one was scored, Mr. Haygarth having fielded the ball in splendid style. Guy was still getting singles when dinner was announced, and on the play being resumed he was run out the first ball; three wickets, and 77 runs. Guy's score was 31, including two threes, three twos, and nineteen singles.

The play on the part of Guy and Martingell constituted one of the leading features of the match, and the fact of two such batsmen being compelled to creep up the score by means of 33 singles out of 57, their united runs, sufficiently indicates the character of the bowling. Sir Frederick and Mr. Mynn never bowled better, if indeed they ever did so well, for so long a time as in this match.

Butler now joined Parr, and the latter made a single, when Sir Frederick bowled a wide ball. In the next over Mr. Mynn gave Parr a teaser; four wickets down, and 79 runs. Box filled the vacancy, and began with a one from Mr. Mynn, one from Sir Frederick, and then a beautiful cut, but Mr. Taylor being in the way only one was scored. Butler made one in the same place, and the same from Mr. Mynn. Box effected another cut, but the field was again in his way, and only one was scored, Butler being nearly run out. The latter made a splendid cut from Sir Frederick for four, and Box sent Sir Frederick round the leg for four. Soon after Box was splendidly caught by Mr. Pickering, at cover point, the ball being nearly on the ground on the left side; 97 runs, and five wickets down. Dorrington followed, and four byes were obtained. Butler drove Mr. Mynn forward for four, and also a cut for one, but in the next over Sir Frederick settled his business; six wickets, and 107 runs. Sewell made his appearance and Dorrington gave a chance, but it was not taken. Sewell began with a one from Sir Frederick, when the rain put a stop to the game for a while.

On again commencing Sewell sent Mr. Mynn round to the leg for four, and then for two more in the same place. Dorrington had been in for some time without scoring, he becoming very unwell; at last he commenced with one to the leg from Sir Frederick, and in the next over drew the ball into his wicket from Mr. Mynn; seven wickets down, and 114 runs. Dean now joined Sewell and led off with a one from Mr. Mynn, and then two to the leg from Sir Frederick; soon after Mr. Haygarth waited for him, and caught him from Sir Frederick. Lillywhite joined Sewell and began with a three in the slip, and shortly drew the ball into his wicket from Mr. Mynn. Hillyer was the last, and commenced with two singles and then a beautiful hit to the leg for four, and the ball being overthrown he made seven for it, amidst tremendous cheering. Sewell made a beautiful hit for three, and they then got two more singles each, when Sir Frederick got into Hillyer's timber yard, Sewell bringing out his bat with twelve to his name. This innings amounted to 145, it having lasted nearly all the day, leaving the Gentlemen 126 to win.

The Gentlemen began their second innings by sending in Sir Frederick Bathurst and Mr. Haygarth, Hillyer and Lillywhite bowling. Hillyer delivered the over to Mr. Haygarth without scoring, but Lillywhite sent Sir Frederick to the right about the first ball, which made way for Mr. Nicholson, who began with a one from Lillywhite. Three byes were obtained, when Mr. Nicholson sent Lillywhite round to the leg for two, and the play went on steadily for a little while. Mr. Nicholson then made a beautiful hit for three, and soon after time was called, Mr. Nicholson having scored 9, Mr. Haygarth three singles, and five byes.

Third Day.—Messrs Haygarth and Nicholson took their respective stations, Clarke and Hillyer being the bowlers. Clarke bowled the first over to Mr. Nicholson, who made two to the leg, and followed it up with a three. Hillyer bowled his over for no run, and Haygarth sent Clarke round to the leg for two, no run being obtained from Hillyer in his next over. Mr. Haygarth made three more to the leg from Clarke, and then a single, and Nicholson the same, Hillyer still bowling and no runs obtained from him. Lillywhite went on instead of Clarke, and bowled several overs and no run, when Mr. Nicholson made a draw to the leg from him for three, and then obtained one from Hillyer, being the first run in ten overs. Three byes were obtained, and in the next over Hillyer got Mr. Nicholson's bails off by a very fine ball, 18 runs being placed to his name, including three threes, two twos, and five singles; two wickets, and 37 runs. Mr. Felix filled the vacancy, and got his leg before his wicket the first ball from Hillyer, which made way for Mr. A. Mynn, when he began with a single from Hillyer, but in the next over Guy caught him at the point from Lillywhite; four wickets down, and 38 runs. Mr. Taylor joined Mr. Haygarth, and some very fine play took place between these two gentlemen. Mr. Taylor began with five singles, then a two, and followed it up with a three, Mr. Haygarth playing remarkably steady. Several overs and no run, when Mr. Taylor got tired of such slow work, and sent Hillyer away for three, and then drove Lillywhite forward for four [cheers]. Dean went on to bowl at Hillyer's end, and the second ball four byes were obtained. Mr. Taylor made a single from Dean, the same from Lillywhite; Mr. Taylor drove Dean forward for five, and the next ball Mr. Haygarth sent Dean round to the leg for five more; this was a most splendid hit. Clarke went on to bowl at Lillywhite's end, and Mr. Haygarth made one from him. Dean tried one more over, but of no avail, and Martingell was put on at his end, and gave in a beautiful over. Mr. Taylor then made one from Clarke, and the same from Martingell, and then sent Clarke away for a four and a single; then a two in the slip from Martingell, and followed it up with two more. Hillyer was now put on at Clark's end, and Mr. Taylor made three to the off. Lillywhite went on at the other end, and bowled one over, and no run. In the next over from Hillyer Mr. Taylor took liberties, went in, and Box stumped him amidst tremendous cheering; 44 was seen on the score, with one five, two fours, three threes, three twos, and sixteen singles; five wickets, and 103 runs. Mr. Taylor's was some of the finest hitting ever seen on any ground. The Hon. R. Grimston joined Mr. Haygarth, and began with a two from Hillyer. Mr. Haygarth made two to the leg from Lillywhite, and in the next over Mr. Grimston was caught by Guy at the point from Hillyer; six wickets down, and 107 runs. It was now dinner time, and the most intense interest was shown, there being four wickets to go down and 19 runs to get to win, the betting being even at the time.

After the repast Mr. Long joined Mr. Haygarth, and led off with a single; Mr. Haygarth made two more, when Box stumped him in a splendid manner from Hillyer; seven wickets down, and 110 runs. Mr. W. Pickering made his appearance, and commenced with a one from Lillywhite; Mr. Long then made four in the slip from a very fine ball of Hillyer's; a lucky hit at this point of the game. Mr. Pickering made another single, when Lillywhite got about his timber [tremendous cheering from all parts], there

being two wickets to go down, and 7 runs to get—it being considered anybody's match. Mr. E. Napper joined Mr. Long, and several balls were bowled, and no run, when Mr. Napper made a single, every run being watched with intense anxiety. Mr. Long made another single [cheers], Mr. Napper another single, and soon after another, and then gave a chance, which was not taken. The next ball he got his leg before his wicket, there being only one to get to tie, and two to win. Mr. W. Mynn was the last, and Hillyer had to bowl to him. He made one in the slip by rather a chance hit, making it a tie match [cheers]. Lillywhite then bowled to Mr. Mynn, and the third ball he just managed to get it over Guy's head; the ball fell close to him but the run was obtained—thus winning the match by one wicket.

This is the second match this season where the last man has gone in for one to tie and two to win. We must leave it to the imagination of our readers to picture to themselves how intense must have been the excitement as the game was drawing to its close; indeed we do not recollect anything approaching to it.

The ground was each day very fully attended, and long has it been since there has been such an assemblage of persons of note and distinction. We may select a few, whose names occur to us at the moment:—The Marquis and Marchioness of Douro, the Marquis of Ely, the Earl of Munster, the Earl of Craven, the Earl Ducie, Lord and Lady F. Beauclerk, Lord H. Turnour, Lord Redesdale, Lord C. Wellesley, Lord Marcus Hill, Lord Edwin Hill, Lord H. Loftus, the Hon. F. Cavendish, the Hon. G. and Mrs. Cavendish, the Hon. General Upton, the Hon. R. Grimston, the Hon. F. Craven, the Hon. C. Lyon, the Hon. E. Lascelles, the Hon. C. Lascelles, the Hon. W. Barrington, the Hon. P. Barrington, the Hon. Sir W. Butler, Sir T. Moncrieffe, Sir F. Bathurst, Sir St. V. Cotton, &c., &c.

The total score was as follows, by which it will be seen that the sum of £3, which the Earl of Ducie had handsomely given to Mr. Dark to be divided between the "Players" who had made the three highest scores, were awarded and presented by Mr. Dark to Guy, Martingell, and Sewell:—

PLAYERS.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Martingell, b. Bathurst.....	11	run out.....	26
Dean, b. Mynn.....	0	c. Haygarth, b. Bathurst.....	3
Box, c. W. Mynn, b. Mynn.....	3	c. Pickering, b. Bathurst.....	7
Guy, b. Mynn.....	25	run out.....	31
Parr, b. Bathurst.....	0	b. Mynn.....	5
Butler, b. Mynn.....	6	b. Bathurst.....	11
Clarke, b. Mynn.....	1	c. Felix, b. Bathurst.....	3
Sewell, b. Mynn.....	10	not out.....	12
Dorinton, b. Mynn.....	5	b. Mynn.....	1
Hillyer, c. W. Mynn, b. Mynn..	4	b. Bathurst.....	11
Lillywhite, not out.....	4	b. Mynn.....	3

Byes 15, wide ball (Bathurst) 1 16

Total 85

GENTLEMEN.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
W. Mynn, Esq., b. Clarke.....	5	not out.....	2
A. Haygarth, Esq., st. Box, b. Hillyer.....	1	st. Box, b. Hillyer.....	26
N. Felix, Esq., c. and b. Hillyer	9	leg b. w., b. Hillyer.....	0
A. Mynn, Esq., c. Butler b. Hillyer	13	c. Guy, b. Littlewhite.....	1
C. Taylor, Esq., b. Clarke.....	23	st. Box, b. Hillyer.....	44
W. Pickering, Esq., b. Hillyer..	3	b. Littlewhite.....	2
W. Napper, Esq., b. Hillyer....	0	leg b. w., b. Hillyer.....	3
R. Long, Esq., st. Box, b. Clarke	34	not out.....	9
Hon. R. Grimston, st. Box, b. Clarke	3	c. Guy, b. Hillyer.....	2
Sir F. Bathurst, b. Clarke.....	8	b. Lillywhite.....	0
W. Nicholson, Esq., not out....	4	b. Hillyer.....	18
Byes, &c.....	5	Byes 18, no ball (Martingell) 1	19

Total 105

126

Bell's Life.

Mlle. Rachel's First Concert.

Mlle. RACHEL respectfully informs her friends and the public that her FIRST Concert will take place at the APOLLO SALOON, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Sept. 16, 1846.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Grand Trio (first time in America) Piano Forte, Violin and Violoncello, Messrs. Geo. Loder, Bristow and Boucher.....	Sterndale Bennett.
Aria, Mlle. Rachel, "Robert, Robert, toi que j'aime," (from Robert le Diable).....	Meyerbeer.
Scena, Mons. Jules Hecht, (from Le Châlet).....	Adam.
Recit.—Arretons nous ici—et ? Aria.—Vallons de l'Helvétie ?.....	De Beriot.
Fantasia, Herr Heuckeroth, (Violin).....	Benedict.
English Ballad, Mlle. Rachel, "I am thine, only thine," (from the new Opera of "The Crusaders").....	Mozart.
Grand Duo, Mlle. Rachel and Mons. Hecht,—"Donna Anna and Ottavio"—"Welch ein schreckliches Bild," (from "Il Don Giovanni").....	
(An Intermission of ten minutes.)	

PART II.

Trio, Violin, Violoncello and Piano Forte, Messrs. G. Bristow, A. Boucher and G. Loder.....	Hummel.
Grand Scena, Mlle. Rachel, (from Der Freischütz).....	Weber.
Fantasia, Flute, Mr. John Kyle.....	Clinton.
Italian Aria, Mons. Hecht, "Meco tu vieni o misera,".....	Bellini.
Cavatina Brillante, Mlle. Rachel, "Ah! tu m'ami,".....	Proch.
Conductor.....	Mr. G. LODER.

The Concert will commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets—ONE DOLLAR—to be had at the usual places.

AMERICAN MUSICAL CONVENTION.

THIS Convention will meet on TUESDAY, the 19th of September next, at 12 o'clock, at the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, New York, and continue until the following Saturday.

The Committee are happy to state, that arrangements are nearly completed for the delivery of Addresses by various eminent gentlemen, for Lectures upon the practical part of the science, for the usual Discussions, and for Illustrations and other performances; constituting altogether such "a feast of things" as is likely to exceed all former precedent in this country.

All persons interested in the cultivation of Music are invited to attend. More specific information will be given in due time.—By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

GEORGE ANDREWS, E. W. HOOKER, U. C. HILL, EDWARD HODGES, Mus. Doct. THOMAS HASTINGS.

Aug. 18-46.

PIANO FORTES.

PURCHASERS are invited to call at CHAMBER'S Ware-Rooms, No. 385 BROADWAY, for a superior and warranted article.

Ap. 18-46.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

☞ The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are entirely Vegetable, and made on those principles which long experience has proved correct. It is now no speculation, when they are resorted to in sickness, for they are known to be the best cleansers of the stomach and bowels, and in all dyspeptic and bilious cases, they are a great blessing. Let every family keep these PILLS in the house. If faithfully used when there is occasion for medicine, it will be very seldom that a Doctor will be required. In all cases of cold, cough, or rheumatism, the afflicted owe it to their bodies to use these Pills.

SICKLY SEASON.

There is not a man, woman, or child, but should take medicine at this season of the year, but more especially at this present time: for there probably were never so many causes existing at one period as there are now, so likely to produce a state of sickness. The repeated changes in the atmosphere, by acting as they do upon the constitution, and quality of the blood itself, give occasion for the most fatal and malignant disorders. The bile becomes, and often without any warning, in a most acrimonious condition from these repeated changes, and if the stomach and bowels have been neglected previously, the first symptoms require immediate attention. Even those who have a healthy disposition of body, are subject to sickness under these circumstances. Therefore to prevent any danger, we ought carefully to guard against a cative state of our bowels. Once or twice they should be evacuated in twenty-four hours. There are many causes which produce unhealthy blood: sometimes it may arise from grief, at others when the system is in a state of fullness it can take place from sudden joy; close application to a literary undertaking can produce it in all cases where many persons have to be seen and spoken to, which producing nervous excitement, is a fertile source of unhealthy blood occasioning that slow nervous fever which has carried off some of our best men, men martyrs to their reputation, but which a knowledge of the powers of Brandreth's Pills would have prevented. Those who desire to secure their health, under almost any adverse circumstances, can do so by having Brandreth's Pills on hand, and at once resorting to them when the first feelings of disorder take place in their bodies. As this advice is used so will the health be. The time will yet be when a man that makes good medicine shall be honoured more than he who is an adept in the art of war.

TRUST TO BRANDRETH'S PILLS, take them so as to produce a brisk effect, and your sickness will be the affair of a day or two, while those who are too wise to follow this common-sense advice, will be sick for months. Let the sick enquire of the agents for Brandreth's Pills whether these things are so or not. Let them enquire among their friends and ask the same question. Verily if EVIDENCE is wanted it shall be procured. To the sick, let me say, use the BRANDRETH PILLS is the best advice mortal man can give you.

Remember, Druggists are NOT permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

MR. GEORGE LODER begs to announce that, at the request of many friends, he has formed an Orchestra of the most talented professors upon the plan of the celebrated JULIEN, being ready upon the shortest notice to attend Fêtes Champêtres, Matinées, Musical Soirées, Fêtes Solemnels, Soirées Musicales, Concerts, and all Musical Performances. Mr. Loder flatters himself that the kind appreciation by the Public of his endeavours to promote the efficiency of Instrumental Performances will be a guarantee of the excellence of his Band.

TERMS.—For full Orchestra, or any number of Musicians, may be known upon application to Mr. Loder, No. 9 Varick Street, St. John's Park.

THE duties of Miss KEOGH'S Boarding and Day School for young Ladies, will be resumed on Monday, Sept. 7, at 73 Third Avenue.

Aug. 29-46.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

No. 26 Cornhill, London.

CAPITAL £500,000, OR, \$2,500,000.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

THIS Institution embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to Life Assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premiums paid (see table); also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or necessity.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The remarkable success and increasing prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

EXAMPLES.

Age.	Sum.	Premium.	Year.	Bonus added.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction of premium.	Sum ass'd may borrow on the policy.
	\$	\$		\$	\$	\$	\$
			1837	1088 75	500 24	80 08	2225
			1838	960 76	435 53	67 53	1987
60	5000	370 80	1839	825 00	370 45	55 76	1780
			1840	681 85	270 29	39 70	1483
			1841	555 56	347 50	37 54	1336

The division of profits is annual, and the next will be made in December of the present year.

UNITED STATES AGENCY.

For list of local directors, medical officers, tables of rates, and report of last annual meeting, (15th of May, 1846,) see the Society's pamphlet, to be obtained at their office, 74 Wall street, New York.

JACOB HARVEY, Chairman of Local Board.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, June 22d, 1846.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

ALBANY, July 24, 1847.

TO THE SHERIFF of the city and county of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit, A Governor and Lieut. Governor of this State. Two Canal Commissioners to supply the places of Jonas Earl, Jr. and Stephen Clark, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. A Senator, for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John A. Loft, on the last day of December next. A Representative in the 30th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th wards of the city of New York. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th wards of said city. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th wards of said city. And also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th wards of said city.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: 16 Members of Assembly, a Sheriff in the place of William Jones, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. A County Clerk in the place of James Conner, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next, and a Coroner in the place of Edmund G. Rawson, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours, respectfully,

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State

Sheriff's Office, New York, August 3, 1846.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for.

WM. JONES, Sheriff of the City and county of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the County will publish the above once in a week until election, and then hand in their bill for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. vi., title 3d, article 2d, part 1st., page 140.

Aug. 8.—3 m.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

The Great Western Steam Ship Co.'s steam ship the GREAT WESTERN, 1,700 tons, 450 horse power, B. R. Matthews, Esq., Commander; the GREAT BRITAIN, 3,000 tons, 1000 horse power, Lieut. James Hosken, R. N. Commander, are intended to sail as follows:

GREAT WESTERN.			
From Liverpool.		From New York.	
Saturday	11th April.	Thursday	7th May.
Saturday	30th May.	Thursday	25th June.
Saturday	26th July.	Thursday	20th Aug.
Saturday	12th Sept.	Thursday	8th Oct.
Saturday	31st Oct.	Thursday	26th Nov.

GREAT BRITAIN.			
From Liverpool.		From New York.	
Saturday	9th May.	Saturday	6th June.
Tuesday	7th July.	Saturday	1st Aug.
Wednesday	26th Aug.	Tuesday	23d Sept.
Tuesday	29th Oct.	Tuesday	17th Nov.

Fare to Liverpool per Great Western, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.
 Fare per Great Britain, according to the size and position of the state-rooms, plans of which may be seen at any of the Agencies.
 For freight or passage or any other information, apply in New York to
 New York, 27th February, 1846. RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front st.

TO BOSTON, via NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE DIRECT.

The well-known and popular steamers MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND, of 1000 tons each, built expressly for Long Island Sound, and by their construction, great strength, and powerful engines, are especially adapted to its navigation, now leave each place regularly every afternoon except Sunday.

Passengers from Boston in the Mail Train take the steamer at Providence about 6 o'clock, P. M., and arrive in New York early the following morning. Those from New York leave Pier No. 1, Battery Place, at 5 P. M., reach Providence also early the next morning, and proceed in the Morning Train for Boston, after a comfortable night's rest on board the Steamer, (in private state rooms if desired), without either of Ferry or of being disturbed at Midnight to change from Boats to Cars, an annoyance so much complained of, especially by Ladies and Families travelling in other lines between New York and Boston.

The RHODE ISLAND, Capt. Winchester, leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Potter, leaves New York on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Boats, going and returning, will land at Newport, and this is now found to be the cheapest, most convenient, and expeditious route for Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford passengers.

For Passage, Berths, State Rooms, or Freight, application may be made in Boston, at Redding & Co., No. 8 State Street, and at the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In Providence, to the Agent at the Depot at India Point, and in New York of the Agents on the Wharf, and at the Office of the Company, No. 10 Battery Place. Jly 4-6m.

J. T. WILLISTON,

DEALER IN WATCHES, (wholesale and retail),

No. 1 Cortlandt-st., (UP STAIRS), Cor. Broadway, New York.

ALL Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms. J. T. WILLISTON, No. 1 Cortlandt-st., Up Stairs. Nov. 8-ly.

LAP-WELDED
BOILER FLUES,

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER,
 Can be obtained only of the Patentee, THOS. PROSSER,
 28 Platt Street, N.Y.

DR. POWELL, M.D.

OCULIST AND OPERATIVE SURGEON, 261 BROADWAY, cor. Warren-Street.
ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P. M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible. dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.
 CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.
 ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.
 SPECTACLES.—Advice given to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and Offices 261 Broadway, cor. Warren-st. Spt. 13-ly.

JOHNSON'S DRUG AND PERFUMERY STORE.

THIS place now belongs to Mr. HENRY JOHNSON, a partner in the late firm of A. B. Sands & Co. No establishment of the kind was ever more satisfactorily known,—situated in Broadway, cor. Chamber Street, (Granite Buildings),—and always copiously supplied with delicate Perfumery of the choicest importation, toilet articles in large variety, pure Drugs and Medicines, &c. The fashionable resident and traveller will find at Johnson's a magnificent assortment, at a low cost. Jly 11-tf.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than any other fine pointed pen, thus making it of a more durable character. The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
 " Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
 " " Harlem River.
 View of the Jet at
 Fountain in the Park, New York.
 " in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style, must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
 June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John Street.

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c.,
 Imported and For Sale, (Wholesale and Retail),

BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY.

1. THE PENNY MAGAZINE of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—Volume for 1845 is now complete. All the back volumes constantly on hand.
2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—It is unnecessary, in any announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopædia." To the purchasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to possess the complete Work, the Supplement has the incalculable advantage of exhibiting the march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete, and may be had bound in sheep, or in parts.
3. Also, THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—The name of the Penny Cyclopædia was derived from its original issue in a weekly sheet, when a work of much less magnitude was contemplated. From its commencement it has been supported by a great body of Contributors, eminent in their respective departments; and its articles, in many of the great branches of knowledge, are regarded as authorities, and have acquired celebrity, wherever the English language is read.—Complete and bound in 37 volumes sheep, or in 14 vols. 1-2 Russia. Feb. 21-tf.

ALEXANDER WATSON,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office No. 77 Nassau Street; House No. 426 Broome Street. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City without any extra charge. My 24-ly.

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOUQUETS of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird. Ap. 20-tf.

LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.

THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs Jly 4-ly.

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand. July 7-ly.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO SAIL from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depuyster,	Sept. 26.	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Trask,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCUUS,	Asa Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

F. K. COLLINGS & Co., 35 South Street, N.Y., or to

BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1-2 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz. the ROSCIUS, SIDDONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My 24-tf.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
WATERLOO,	W. H. Allen,	July 11.	Aug. 26.
JOHN R. SKIDDY,	James C. Luce,	Aug. 11.	Sept. 26.
STEPHEN WHITNEY,	C. W. Popham,	Sept. 11.	Oct. 26.
VIRGINIAN,	W. H. Parson,	Oct. 11.	July 26.

These ships are of the first class, and their accommodations are unsurpassed for elegance and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and interests of Importers. For freight or passage, apply to

My 24-ly. ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6,	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21,
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6,	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21,
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6,	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21,
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	Apr. 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6,	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
 GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
 CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool. My 31-tf.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	20, 20, 20
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1	20, 20, 20
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	20, 20, 20
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to
 GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to
 JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st. My 24-tf.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	16, 16, 16
Fidelia, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	16, 16, 16
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan 1, May 1	16, 16, 6
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-st., or
 C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., or
 BAKING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.